THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Herrington W8dec23

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1926.

The Delicious Flavor

drawn from the leaves of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.

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T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
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NAPANEE, ONT.
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15tf

FRED RUSSELL
Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

WANTED—Tenders for buttermilk. For surplus buttermilk for the year 1926. Tenders are to be so much per 100 lbs. of buttermilk. BELLEVILLE CREAMERIES, Limited. 7-c

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, also 50 acres, Lot 5, in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

WANTED AT ONCE—Four or five smart appearing men with a fair education, to work for Consolidated Press Co., Limited, all year work. Apply after 5.30 p.m. to O. S. BLACKSHAW, at Miss Davy's, Dundas street. 44

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

TO SELL OR RENT—Small house and barn, both in good shape, plenty of land for garden.
TO SELL—50 acre farm, convenient to Napanee. Other large fams.
FOR SALE—Some good houses, all conveniences, nicely situated, garage and barns, etc. JAS. ED. CLARK, at Card's Garage. 51

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described farm: Part of lot No. 3 in the 6th concesson, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Rchmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in perfect condition. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine maple sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. See MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, Bridge Street, Napanee.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

DOXSEE & CO.

MILLINERY

We are anxious to clear out the balance of our winter stock of **TRIMMED HATS**, including French and New York Models....

PRICES NO OBJECT TO CLEAR.

SCARFS

Crepe de Chene, Georgette, Silk Knit, in all the newest designs and colors.

—NECKWEAR,
—And NOVELTIES,
—CORSETS and
—BRASSIERS
A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

Store is closed temporarily on account of illness.

Will be opened in a few days.

Lille's Grey Shoppe

Few doors west of Campbell House

You need many things

LOOK forward! Some day you will need a new binder—a plow—a harrow—a tractor—or more stock. Your house and barns will need re-painting, your roofs must sooner or later be repaired. How will you pay for it all?

A savings account in our local branch is your best preparation for meeting expenses of this kind. Deposit a small part of your returns as they come in. The amount will quickly grow, and it will always be at your command when needed.

If you contemplate enlarging your live-stock holdings, consult our local manager. This bank is always willing to assist productive enterprise.

THE DOMINION BANK
NAPANEE BRANCH
C. WAITE, Manager. 87R

CENTREVILLE.

We have splendid sleighing at present and everyone seems to be taking advantage of it by hauling wood out.

The Centreville Dairy Co. are holding their annual meeting here on Tuesday, the 19th.

Mrs. E. H. Perry, an aged resident of this district, passed away on January 6th. The funeral took place on January 8th, with service at the house. The remains were placed in the vault at Centreville to await interment in the spring. An aged husband, one daughter, and three sons are left to mourn her loss.

Several in this part have been under the doctor's care, suffering from colds.

Council met on Monday last and transacted the usual amount of business.

Joseph Cavanaugh and a man from Montreal have been purchasing horses through this part.

J. R. Hannah has the wood nearly all hauled into the cheese factory.

G. A. McGill has been purchasing timber for the Trenton Cooperage Company.

Stanley Doupe is busy sawing wood for the farmers around this part.

McIntos Bros. adv. on page 3 of this issue will be well worth reading.

TEAMSTERS TAKE NOTICE!

All persons wishing to haul logs or cord wood from Mr. Booth's woods, 2 miles this side of Marlbank, for Gibbard Furniture shops, would do well to see Mr. Busby at the woods and take advantage of the first sleighing, as there is considerable hauling. 7-c

ANNUAL MEETINNG OF LENNOX FAIR

The annual meeting of the Lennox Agricultural Society will be held in the Town Hall, Napanee, on Tuesday, January 19th, at 2.30 p.m.

Annual meeting of the Napanee Driving Park will be held in the Council Chambers at 7.30 p.m., Thursday, January 21st.

J. L. BOYES, Sec'y.
7-b

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Napanee Cemetery Company, "Riverside" will be held in the Council Chamber, Napanee, on **Wednesday, Jan. 20th at 2 p.m.** for the election of Directors, rei ceiving the Auditor's Report and other business. Lot owners are requested to attend.

E. J. WALTERS,
President.
W. H. DUNBAR
Secretary
7-b

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, pursuant to Statute, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1926
at 2 p.m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Jan. 27th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated January 9th, 1926.
7-b

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee
—on—
Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY
3-tf

Blue Serge Suits
—Blue—
Chinchillia Overcoats
$14, $18, $20 & $23
$5.00 below their regular value

All other Winter Overcoats and Mackanaw Coats at reduced prices.

W.W.ADAMS
Men's Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Selby, Jan. [illegible], 1926.

Council met in Town Hall, Selby, at 11 o'clock, pursuant to statute, the Clerk presiding. After taking their Declaration of Office, the following took their places at the Council Board:

Alfred McCutcheon, Reeve and Councillors A. H. Oliver, Christie Hartin, E. A. McQuaig, M. Dupre.

Moved by E. A. McQupaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that a By-Law be introduced appointing Arch Uens Assessor, at a salary of $90.00, no extras to be charged. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that By-Law No. 739 appointing Arch Uens Assessor, be read a third time, signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that Richmond's share of the account of F. C. Martin & Son for the burial of Mrs. Switzer, $17.23, be paid. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the Reeve and Treasurer be authorized to sign all cheques for township purposes, and a copy of this resolution be sent to the bank. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that a By-Law be introduced appointing John Gollinger member of Board of Health and Hiram Abbott Sanitary Inspector for year 1926. Carried.

On motion the above By-law, No. 740, received its third reading, was signed, sealed and finally passed.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that a By-Law be introduced appointing Geo. Brooks and C. N. Lucas Auditors for year 1926, at a salary of $15.00 each. Carried.

On motion the above By-Law, No. 741, received its third reading, was signed, sealed and finally passed.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the Clerk receive a cheque for $55.00 for election expenses for 1926. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that A. C. Rooks' application for kennel license be accepted at the legal fee of $10.00 Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that E. J. Pollard's application to do the printing for the township for 1926, for $135.00 be accepted. Carried.

Received Richmond's share of proceeds from Roblin scales from May 25th to Nov. 23rd, amounting to $18.10. Repairs to scales, $6.81, balance $11.29.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that the Clerk be instrumental to order 325 dog tags, also 6 copies of Municipal Worrld for use of Council for 1926. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Hartin, that the following road accounts be paid:

John Benn, work performed in 7th and 8th con., $40.70; Wm. C. Smith, work performed in 9th con., $3.00; Jonah Masters, work performed on Lime Lake road, $10.00. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that the following accounts be paid:

E. J. Pollard, printing, 1925	$ 156 65
Madole Hardware Co., tile for culverts	81 60
R. S. Wales, shingles and nails for hall	5 30
Ira Anderson, Truant Officer	5 00
Wm. Paul Truant Officer	5 00
Ira Anderson, work on town hall and material	5 00
A. McCutcheon, legal advice	2 00
Aid to N. Hartin	5 00

Council adjourned to meet on Monday, Feb. 1st, 1926.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

McIntos Bros. adv. on page 3 of this issue will be well worth reading.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. C. Welbanks received a telegram last week announcing the death of Mr. William Wright, of Thamesford, Ont., on Jan. 4th. Mr. Wright conducted a drygoods business in Newburgh a few years ago, moving to Thamesford two years ago, where he conducted a general store, assisted by his daughter Mrs. Plumer and Miss Betty. His remains were taken to Huntsville for interment beside the remains of his wife, who predeceased him some years ago. Mr. Wright represented a constituency of Parry Sound for 14 years in Parliament.

A gloom was cast over the village on Sunday morning of last week, when it was known that Mr. Charles Shortt had passed away during the night. Mr. Shortt was 71 years of age and had lived all his life in Newburgh, having been born in a house situated on the site where his blacksmith shop now stands. He and his son, Fred, have conducted a blacksmith shop for a number of years. A widow, two sons and one daughter, Mrs. Jarrell, of Chatham, survive to mourn the loss of a good father and a kind and considerate husband.

The Camden East paper mill is resuming full time and employs quite a number from Newburgh.

Mr. Roscoe Scott is manager of the skating rink for the season.

Another election will be held at an early date, as one of the Councillors has resigned.

At the meeting of the Council Captain Slade was appointed truant officer and policeman for the village. Mr. Slade has since resigned, but it is hoped he will reconsider his resignation, as he is well fitted to fill this position.

Miss Gertrude Pero, of Kingston, spent last week-end at her home here.

Chas. Walker was in Toronto on Wednesday last.

BONSPEIL AT NAPANEE

A most successful bonspeil was held at the Napanee Curling Rink on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The rink and Club House were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting and an extra touch was added by a large number of colored electric lights, evergreens, etc. Teams from Colborne, Belleville, Napanee and Kingston took part in the bonspeil and some fine exhibitions of Curling was given. Mayor Ming welcomed the visiting curlers and expressed the wish that their visit to Napanee would be an enjoyable one.

In order that the play might not be interrupted a continuous lunch was served at the club house and much credit is due Messrs. Wilfred S. Wilson and Blake Huyck, who had charge, for the manner in which this end of the bonspeil was conducted.

Appropriate prizes were provited by the Napanee Curling Club for the victorious teams.

Following is the result of the play:

FIRST DAY

Primary-Preliminary

Napanee.	Colborne.
Laughland	Vandervoort
Howie	Redfern
Ungar	Redfern
Vanalstine	Wilson
Skip 14	Skip 9
J. Roblin	T. D. Dudley
Killorin	J. F. Wilson
W. C. Smith	J. Coyle
Huffman	Edwards
Skip 8	Skip 15

Kingston.	Napanee.
Purdy	McLaughlin
Hooper	W. Gault
Derry	A. L. Dafoe
Travers	M. Graham
Skip 8	Skip 11

First Round

Graham 18	Gleeson 8
McCartney ... 7	Symons 19

CONSOLATION.

First Round

Wilson 14	Travers 12

SECOND DAY

Finals, Semi-finals Second Round, Finals and Consolation games.

Primary-Preliminary

Napanee.	Kingston.
Graham 11	Travers 8

First Round

Napanee.	Colborne
Vanalstine ..10	Edwards 15

Second Round

Colborne	Napanee.
Edwards 10	Graham 16
Belleville	Belleville
Symons 11	Belair 10

Final.

Napanee.	Belleville
Graham 9	Symons 18

CONSOLATION.

First Round

Napanee.	Kingston.
Huffman 15	McCartney ... 7

Second Round

Colborne	Napanee.
Wilson 15	Huffman 10
Napanee.	Kingston.
Gleeson 6	Hanson 14
Belleville	Napanee.
Belair 17	Vanalstine ...10

Semi-Final.

Colborne	Kingston.
Wilson 12	Hanson 14
Belleville	Colborne
Belair 14	Edwards 7

Final.

Kingston	Belleville
Hanson 15	Belair 9

ERINSVILLE

The recent snowfall made good sleighing and there is much hauling of wood and timber.

A well-known and highly respected resident of Clairview passed away on Jan. 6th, in the person of Miss Rachel McDonald. Deceased was ill only a few days, having developed pneumonia. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Poston in the Anglican Church, Tamworth, where deceased lady had been a life-long member and energetic worker. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The dance in the Parish Hall given by the young people, took place on Friday night, Jan. 15th, and as usual a good crowd was in attendance.

England to France by Rail.

There must be many among those who spend their summer holidays on the Continent of Europe who will welcome the proposal to connect France and Great Britain by means of two parallel jetties, each providing a double railway line and a road for motor lorries, between Deal and Dover, thus doing away with the horrors which the choppy Channel holds for such a large number of people.

Among a great many advantages which this project possesses over the much-discussed scheme of a Channel tunnel, not the least is that the cost would be much lower. To build a Channel tunnel capable of taking four railway lines, the estimate is £80,000,000, while the cost of the jetties would be, at the very highest, £5,000,000 less than this figure.

Again, the stretch of water between the two jetties, almost as smooth as a lake, would enable barges and trawlers to cross from Britain to France with the greatest ease. In order that the plan may not interfere with shipping the preliminary design, which has been placed before the London Chamber of Commerce by a Swiss engineer—M. Jules Jager—provides broad open passages near the two coasts which are bridged by huge viaducts. The open space under these viaducts is great enough to allow even large liners to pass through.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION AT OTTAWA

Ottawa, Jan. 16.—Things are beginning to get back to normal around the Parliament Buildings, after the strenuous debate on the Meighen amendment. A great many of the Ontario and Quebec members are away over the week-end, but there have been little gatherings in the rooms of some of the western members, where the situation has been freely discussed. There is general satisfaction with the result of Thursday night's vote among the Liberals. They feel that the worst is over, and that they can now settle down to give careful study to the Speech from the Throne. There is general commendation of this document among Liberal members from the west, and it is known that this feling is also shared by the Progressives. The aims and objects of the Liberals and Progressives from the west are much the same. They believe that their section of the country should have more consideration shown to it, and they agree that the present situation has drawn attention to the West in a way that is bound to result beneficially.

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Speaking to one of the Saskatchewan Liberal members the writer was surprised to learn that this man had helped in two previous elections to elect a Progressive, one of those by the way, who voted against the Government on the Meighen amendment. He said he had been a Liberal all his life, but he felt that the Liberal party was not moving fast enough in the direction of the West. He was well pleased, however, with the way the affairs of the country had been conducted by the King Government during the past four years, so when, owing to the redistribution he found himself in a new riding for which he was offered the Liberal nomination, he consented to be a candidate. This man takes his duty as a member very seriously. When found by the writer, he was busy poring over a volume of "Modern Eloquence." He talked entertainingly of his campaign. His riding is a large one and from the day he was nominated until election day he did not see his home. In the West they can teach Ontario a few things about running elections cheaply. Not a cent is spent in buying votes in the West he said. "A Westerner would knock you down if you offered him money for his vote," he concluded indignantly.

• • •

The debate on the amendment was on a high plane all the way through. The very best speakers on both sides of the House were put up and as a result the galleries heard some eloquent addresses. It made one feel proud that he was a Canadian, to listen to the fluent and scholarly addresses of our Commoners. The Canadian Parliament, includes some exceptionally able men, and they quote historical and other learned writers with a fluency that is almost astounding. This particular Parliament is rich in debating talent. Aside from the two leaders the outstanding men are Messrs. Bennett, Cannon, Bourrasa, Bolvin, Stevens, Manion, Guthrie, Lapointe, Stewart, Cahan, Garland, White, Power, and Carmichael. Mr. Cardin is a clear and logical speaker in English, but measures his phrases carefully. In French he is possibly the most fluent speaker in the House. The Liberals miss very keenly such able men as Fielding, Graham, Raymond and Marler. Rumor has it that Graham and Marler will be back in the House ere long, and with the addition of Dunning and Massey the government will have a formidable front row.

• • •

Little credence is put in the story that Mr. Meighen will introduce another amendment before the Speech from the Throne is considered. It would be construed as a deliberate attempt to obstruct the business of the country from being carried on and there could only be a reiteration of the arguments of the last five days. It is fully expected that every effort will be made to defeat the government on the reply to the address, but as the Speech contains many of the very things that the West has been crying for, and which the electors of the West sent their representatives to Ottawa to try to secure, it is expected that the Government will be sustained on that vote by a majority of eight or ten.

HOCKEY

The following schedule has been drawn up for the Junior Inter-Church Hockey League for this winter:

Jan. 18—St. Andrews vs. Anglicans.
Jan. 25—Grace vs. Trinity.
Feb. 1—St. Andrews vs. Grace.
Feb. 15—St. Andrews vs. Trinity.
Feb. 22—Grace vs. Anglicans.

The games will be played each week on Monday evening, beginning at 5 p.m. sharp.

DOUBLE HEADER WEDNESDAY EVENING.

There will be two hockey matches on Wednesday evening in the Intermediate and Senior Town Leagues, the first beginning at 7.30 p.m., sharp. The Intermediate game will be between the Collegiate team and Gibbard's, and the Senior game between "B" Company and St. Pats.

McIntos Bros. adv. on page 3 of this issue will be well worth reading.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
Jan. 18th, 1926.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor Ming presiding.

Present—Reeve Graham and Councillors Roy, Simpson, Dunbar Fitzpatrick, Howitt.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Ontario Good Roads Association in reference to its annual meeting was read and ordered filed.

The Fire, Water & Light Committee presented the following report:

A small fire occurred on Thursday last on Thomas street, and it certainly is gratifying to know that our fire apparatus is efficient and prompt. From personal observation that day the Reo truck was only two minutes until it was ready and running with the driver in his place, waiting for two firemen to go with it, and at the outside we do not think it was more than five minutes until they were at the fire, which fortunately proved to be only a chimney.

The committee feel that the front of the fire hall, principally the doors and windows, should be painted and the fire alarm numbers and location re-lettered. This should only cost a small sum.

On Saturday night your committee made an inspection of the cluster lights in different parts of the town and are surprised to know the great number of bulbs which are not working. They found some twenty-three lights which should be replaced.

We would recommend that some means be taken whereby a record could be kept of the lights which are out

E. J. ROY, Chairman.
W. H. DUNBAR.
W. M. HOWITT.

The report was adopted and that part referring to repairs to the fire hall was referred to the Town Property Committee to report.

The question of the letting of the market scales and tolls was left in the hands of the Market and Police Committee.

A By-Law was passed appointing Mr. P. Gleeson a member of the Board of Education for the term of three years.

A By-Law was passed appointing Mr. C. Hartley Lapum to the position of Town Treasurer at a salary of $550.00 per year.

Messrs. W. S. Herrington, W. P. Deroche, T. B. Wallace and E. J. Walters appeared before the council as a deputation on behalf of the Napanee Public Library.

Mr. Herrington gave to the Council a complete detailed statement of the financial condition of the Public Library, and from his statements it was quite plain that the council would have to come to the assistance of the library management. The town's financial contribution to the library heretofore has been $300.00 a year. The speaker said the minimum amount needed from the town was $750.00 and he hoped and felt sure the council would make the grant asked for by the deputation.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Dunbar, that a grant of $750.00 be paid to the Public Library to be paid out as called for by the Board.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

D. B. Wilson	$ 3 75
Anderson & Son	2 04
J. M. Graham	1 00
Wallace's Drug Store	1 28

An account from F. E. VanLuven, $34.55, was referred to the Town Property Committee.

Come to Roblin United Church Friday evening, January 22nd. Hear Black's All New Programme. Admission Adults, 25c.; Children, 15c.

THE GROWING OF ALFALFA IN THIS COUNTY.

Frontenac is not the only county locally that has entered seriously into the production of alfalfa, as the Agricultural Representative of the neighboring county of Lennox and Addington has decided to inaugurate a campaign in his county to assist the growing of alfalfa and all other grass seeds. The soil there, as in Frontenac, is wonderfully suited for the growing of these seeds, there is much profit to be made at present by farmers engaged in this pursuit, there will likely be a larger number of that county's farms going in for that line of farming.

Lennox and Addington has already made great strides in the growing of alfalfa. The acreage has increased wonderfully in the last five years. A campaign will be carried on until alfalfa is growing on every farm suited to its culture. A splendid crop of hay was cut last season, but alfalfa in this section produced very little seed. There is, however, a plentiful supply of Ontario grown seed which can be bought at reasonable prices. With sweet clover seed at its present low price, no doubt a good deal of it will be sown for pasture and soil improvement. This puts the land in good shape for alfalfa.

Much valuable work for the improvement of agriculture in every way is being done by various organizations throughout the County. Among these are the Advisory Agricultural Council, Live Stock Improvement Association Agricultural Societies, Beekeepers' Association, Chamber of Commerce, Women's Institutes are organized in many parts and carry on consistent valuable work.—Kingston Standard.

DO YOU SELL FARMERS?

How can a Letter compete with your voice? Don't send a boy— on a man's job!

"*Our Long Distance bill averages over $200 a month. We use it constantly.*"
—*Writes a Seed Merchant*

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Sunday, January 24.—John 4 : 1-42.

Golden Text—With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation (Isa. 12 : 3).

In order to make the journey from Judaea into Galilee, the Lord "must needs go through Mamaria" (v. 4). Why "must needs"? There is a lesson in these two words for all of us. The obligation that they stand for seems to refer to two things—the obligation of circumstances and the call of God's will. First, the ordinary geographical necessity of passing from Judaea to Galilee took one through Samaria. But, deeper than that, the Samaritans "must needs" have the Gospel directly from Christ Himself : this was God's will for His Son and for them.

And so in the case of God's children today there is often a "must needs" of ordinary circumstances which require us to do seemingly unimportant things ; but back of these is God's will, using those circumstances to bring us a golden opportunity and obligation. May we be sensitive, as Christ's disciples, to recognize the real significance of every "must needs" in our life.

This lesson, like that of two weeks ago, gives us methods and principles of soul-winning, or "taking men alive." As Jesus rested by Jacob's well, near Sychar, and a Samaritan woman came to draw water, he aroused her interest by asking her to do Him a favor—"Give me to drink." If we let others do something for us, it may be a first step in getting them interested in Christ.

Moreover, He had aroused her curiosity, for she knew that "Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," and she wondered why He would ask her for a drink. To arouse curiosity is a good bait in fishing for souls.

Then the Lord followed up His opportunity by challenging her interest and curiosity still more, saying that if she only knew enough to ask, "He would have given thee living water."

The conversation that followed, which should be clsely studied from the Scripture, includes one of the most precious discourses that ever came from the lips of the Son of God. It shows that He did not hesitate to give lavishly of His best, when His audience was but one person, and that an outcast woman. The true soul-winner gives of his best, no matter who the needy one is.

When Christ said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," contrasting this with the well given by Jacob, one of the great characters in Israel's history, He was declaring that He could do what no man could do, and that He Himself was everlasting life. His word, some two years later, in Jerusalem, gave the same truth : "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink," (John 7 : 37-38).

But now, as the Samaritan woman showed her desire for that which Christ alone could give, He spoke words that convicted her of her sinful life (vs. 16-18). There is no Gospel for lost sinners that does not convict them of their sin ; and this is part of the work of soul-winning, to be done tactfully but unsparingly. When the woman spoke of the difference in worship between the Jews and the Samaritans, as to their place of worship in Jerusalem or Samaria, the Lord showed her that the time was at hand (to be consummated by His death and resurrection) when place would not enter into it but men could worship God anywhere "in spirit and in truth." And then this Jew, Jesus of Nazareth, told this sinful woman that He was the Messiah (or Christ) of the Jews, which means also the Saviour of the world.

Was she ready for this stupendous declaration and saving truth? The rest of the narrative leaves us in no doubt. A Samaritan woman, whose character and life were of the lowest, became an evangelist to those who knew her at her worst, and her name is now immortal in sacred history. She went back into her own city and unconsciously used the Lord's own method of skilful soul-winning. She aroused interest by an extraordinary statement, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did" ; and then she asked the question, leaving the answer to be discovered by those to whom she addresses it : "Is not this the Christ?" She was arousing their curiosity, and they went to look the matter up for themselves.

The result was a city-wide revival. First we read that "many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him" because of this saved woman's testimony ; and then these new believers, who had gone out to find Jesus, brought Him into their city, pleading with Him to "tarry with them." For two full days and nights He remained, and we can well imagine what sort of a Gospel campaign the evangelist who Himself is the good news, must have conducted there. The climax of the marvellous incident is in these thrilling words :

"And many more believed because of His own word, and said unto the woman : 'Now we believe, not because of thy saying for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'"

He is "just the same today" ; and we have the privilege that the Samaritan woman had, remembering, as our Lord said to His disciples during this experience : "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal," (v. 36).

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

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Point She Noticed.

At a movie a young miss amused those near her with her remarks, showing her keen observation and interest in the picture. Her best remark came when an empty jinrikisha pulled by a Japanese coolie came down the street and stopped before a house. She piped up in a shrill voice: "He lost his horse."

Various Powers Named.

Only the power derived from melting glaciers and snow caps is known as white coal, while other water powers are termed "green coal." But there is another vast source of power, namely, that which may be derived from the waves and tides of the ocean; and this is now termed "blue coal."

Pearl Long Valued as Jewel.

The pearl is the only jewel worn as nature formed it. All the precious stones—diamonds, rubies, emeralds and the rest—have to be cut before they can be worn. But the pearl is worn just as it is taken from the oyster shell. It is among the most ancient of jewels.

HILL CLIMBING IS AN ART

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Many people believe that climbing hills in an automobile is merely a matter of changing gears and "steppin' on it."

What they don't know is that every engine has its best speed—a certain peak in its range where it develops maximum horsepower. The driver who studies his engine and finds this "peak" is to be congratulated, for he gets the most out of his car—all the time.

The average will stay in high gear on a hill until the engine nearly knocks its head off. Why, we don't know, though it is probably that he believes his car can make that hill and he intends to do it or break up the bus. But when he does drop down to second or low gear, and he must eventually, the car has lost its momentum and the poor old engine must recover sufficiently to pick up properly and carry the car over the top. All of which is mighty tough on the engine and sooner or later results in a repair bill.

There are only two things to remember when climbing a hill : first, to change into intermediate or first speed early and quickly ; second, retarding the spark without waiting for the engine to knock.

Now this speed changing on hills is extremely easy to do—on a typewriter. In a machine it is difficult—until one gets the knack. Hence hill climbing is an art. Once this art is mastered there is nothing to it.

Good gear changing consists in equating the peripheral velocity of the wheels about to be engaged while the gear lever is in neutral and then engaging the gear. If by good judgment, you gage it right, the gear goes in silently, but if not quite right it goes in with a little grunt.

To minimize this grunt, you gently press the gears together and feel them—tickle them, so as to speak—so that when they do mesh the lever falls in. That is the secret. What might be a successful climb can be spoiled by a clumsy change of gears. Every second of time is very important if the grade is steep and the car is losing headway.

If you wish to be an expert in hill climbing you must practice.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a driver fail at his first attempt in going over the top, while at his second attempt the grade is easily made. But it is the driver's fault—not that of the car.

Better practice now because sooner or later you will want to make a tour to the West coast and then you'll discover that what the natives call hills out there are the biggest mountains that you ever saw.

THE KUATSU CURE.

Sharp Blow Will Stimulate the Brain Into Immediate Action.

There would probably be consternation if an examination candidate, asked how he would proceed to restore the apparently drowned, should reply: "I should kick him in the small of the back." Yet that is the way they go about it now in Japan.

There is a spot in the middle of the back which they tell you is a very sensitive nerve-centre; a sharp blow there will stimulate the brain into immediate action. Speaking anatomically, the spot must be described as the base of the eleventh cervical vertebra; for the layman it would be simpler to say the eleventh knob of the spine counting from the large knob that marks the base of the neck.

This trick is part of the Japanese system known as "kuatsu," or the restoration of life. Kuatsu was a natural and inevitable sequel to jiu-jitsu. Several of the tricky throws practiced by Japanese wrestlers, if they are not fatal in their effects, are at least sufficiently dangerous to stop all the vital processes.

An actual kick in the small of the back is the last resort, however. The blow is usually struck with the second knuckle of the second finger. The smaller the striking surface the greater the stimulation of the nerve-centre.

At football and other sports players are frequently knocked out by severe blows or kicks. For this class of injury another kuatsu way of revival which may seem weird to our Western ideas is very good in its effects.

The patient is laid on his back, and one person holds down his shoulders, while the other removes one of his boots and pulls the foot strongly upwards. The operator then clenches his fist so that the second knuckle of the second finger protrudes beyond the others, and strikes a blow at the patient's instep just under the bones that form the arch.

How Thick Is the Atmosphere?

The best available evidence shows that practically all of the atmosphere is confined to a shell extending outward from the earth not more than 200 miles.

Even at a distance of fifty miles above the earth the quantity of air is believed to be almost inappreciable. The density of the atmosphere decreases rapidly as altitude increases.

If the atmosphere were at the present sea level density from bottom to top, it would all be confined within five miles of the earth. One-half of the mass of the atmosphere is within three and one-half miles of the surface of the earth, three-fourths is below the seven-mile level and seven-eights is below the ten-mile level.

Thus the solid earth has but a thin coating of air only about one-fortieth as thick as the diameter of the earth at its greatest; or, if we consider the atmosphere only in its appreciable extent (about forty miles above the earth), only about one two-hundredth as thick as the diameter of the earth, a mere coating not thicker, relatively speaking, than the skin of an apple of ordinary size.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
44t f

DOGS THAT MADE HISTORY.

More Myths and Legends About Dogs Than About Any Other Animal.

"A legend tells us that after the Creation a gulf gradually opened between Adam and the beasts he had named. Among them stood the dog, gazing wistfully at the ever-widening chasm till, when the separation was all but complete, he leaped the gulf and stood by man's side. There, with such slight exceptions as prove the rule, in his master's hour of need he has stood ever since."

As Miss Estelle Ross points out in her interesting volume, "The Book of Noble Dogs," from which the above extract is taken, there are probably more myths and legends about dogs than about any other animal.

Some of these mythical beliefs are very curious. In Togoland the natives insist that it is owing to the greediness of dogs that man lost his immortality. The Koumis, a tribe of Eastern India, believe that when a man is dying his dogs begins to howl. The ancient Greeks had many dog superstitions. They thought that Cerberus, the dog renowned in their mythology, guarded Heaven's portals. Dogs figure prominently in Irish and Scandinavian legends; one of the best-known was Samr, a hound "huge of limb and for a follower equal to an able man."

Dogs, the author shows, have enjoyed the close friendship of kings as well as commoners. Everyone remembers, for example, King Edward's wire-haired terrier Caesar.

Charles I. inherited the Stuart love of dogs. He had a great personal affection for Prince Rupert's white poodle, Boye. "He never sups and dines," writes an old chronicler, "but he continually feeds him. And what think you, even with the sides of capons and other such-like Christian morsells. It is thought that the King will make him Sergeant-Major General Boye. But truly the King's affection to him is so extraordinary that some at Court envy him."

Charles II.'s name is permanently linked with a breed of dog, the black and tan toy spaniel, which he first introduced to England. Oliver Cromwell had a dog named Coffin Nail! James I. had for his constant companion a hound called Jewell.

James V. of Scotland's favorite dog, Basche, used to sleep on his master's bed, and was fed on delicacies from the royal table, until he had to be banished, "his crimes were such that they came to James' ears. He worried sheep, fought and killed other dogs, and chased five foals through the brushwood till, in their terror, they jumped into a bog and were drowned."

During her long imprisonment, Mary Queen of Scots had the companionship of a Skye terrier, of which a pathetic story is told. The animal seemed to have a premonition of his mistress' approaching end; he crept out as she passed to the scaffold, and, as she laid her head on the block, whined piteously and snuggled into the folds of her black gown. Afterwards he gradually pined away.

Queen Victoria, the author records, was devoted to dogs, especially to Dash, a little spaniel; another favorite was Sharp, a collie. At one time King George had a favorite dog, Happy; while the Prince of Wales' fondness for dogs is well-known. His special pet is a Cairn terrier, which is seldom away from his side when he is at St. James' Palace.

Our Petroleum.

The main source of Canada's petroleum supply at the present time is situated in the southern peninsula of Ontario, between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, the chief oil fields being at Petrolia, Oil Springs, Tilbury East and Bothwell. New oil fields have been opened in Moira Township, at Thamesville, Dutten and elsewhere. Oil has also been produced in New Brunswick and Alberta, but not, by any means, sufficient to supply the enormous demand, and great quantities are imported from the United States and elsewhere. Great oil fields have been discovered along the Athabasca river, in the Peace River district and along the MacKenzie river up to the Arctic Ocean. But the distance and lack of transportation facilities have so far prevented development. Indications of oil have also been found in other parts of the Dominion, but much capital must be expended and great transportation work accomplished before the vast resources, now lying idle, can be utilized.

"Heavenly Twins."

Among certain savage tribes in Southeastern Africa, twins are regarded as the Children of Heaven, and are believed to possess the power of controlling the elements.

In times of drought the people will dig a hole in the ground, put the mother of twins in it, and pour some of their precious water upon her. They believe that this will cause rain to fall.

When a thunderstorm occurs the people appeal to a twin to "talk of Heaven" on their behalf. In many cases the mediator is a mere child, but the natives have implicit faith in his power to persuade the thunder and lightning to go away and leave them in peace. As soon as the storm has abated the youngster is reverently thanked for his intervention.

The Irish of It.

The foreman of a gang of railwaymen had more than his share of Irish wit.

One day he was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men fast asleep in the shade of a hedge.

Eyeing the man with a smile, he said:—

"Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye're out of work!"

The Quarrel.

"You say," said the barrister, "that you saw the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"I did," answered the witness.

"What did the defendant seem to be doing?"

"He was doing the listening."

Shows Smallness of Soul.

The man who cannot forgive a wrong, like a dog oppressed of a brutal master, cannot claim superiority of soul.

Swift For a Short Distance.

Sparrows can fly short distances at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

Optimistic Thought.

Better have an open enemy than a sneering friend.

Here and There

According to official figures issued by the Redemptorist Fathers about 300,000 pilgrims visited the famous Ste. Anne de Beaupre shrine during the season of 1925. Thirty-nine countries were represented. Of the number mentioned, 145,000 came by car and the remainder by train.

Seven Americans, touring the world on the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Scotland," welcomed the New Year from the top of the Great Pyramid in Egypt. Four young ladies and three men left their party camped on the sands of the Sahara and climbed the pyramid, "for a little excitement."

Two new steamship lines have made Halifax a port of call this year, and during the first six months of the year the increase in ship tonnage was over one million tons. For the ten months of 1925 the increase in ship tonnage, compared with the same period last year was over 1.500,000.

Canada's exports to Soviet Russia have increased three hundred fold during the past twelve months. Trade figures available show that in the twelve months ending October 31, Canada exported goods valued at $14,000,000 to Russia, as compared to $48,000 for the preceding twelve months.

Four international sporting events are to be held at Quebec in February. There will be the snow-shoe races, in which 3,000 will take part, including 1,000 men coming from the State of Maine; a hockey match between the Sons of Ireland and the Dartmouth College team; the Hubart Curling Bonspeil; and the International Dog Sled Derby.

George Rollin, yard agent at Place Viger Station, Montreal, retired under pension arrangements on January 1, 1926, after forty-six years of service with the C.P.R. He entered the employ of the Company as messenger at Hochelaga, now called Place Viger Station, on April 24, 1879. J. A. S. Racicot has been appointed to fill Mr. Rollin's position.

Four students from British Universities, comprising the British Imperial Debating Team, are now in Canada meeting a number of Canadian university and college debating teams in a wordy battle on the merits of "The Geneva Protocol and The League of Nations"; "The Degeneracy of Western Civilization," and "The Singapore Base."

From 40,000 to 50,000 British emigrants will come to Canada under the new cheap passage arrangements made by the Canadian and British Governments and transportation companies. Hundreds of inquiries have already been received from those anxious to benefit by the new plan and among them are many from domestic servants.

Twenty prairie chickens were interviewed in Montreal recently and cast infinite scorn on the East. They hopped about in great excitement at meal time. The interviewer asked, "Take you a long time to pick up as good eats out West at this time of year, eh?" A chorus of shrill voices answered disdainfully, "Tut-tut-tut." They were shipped out of the country by Dominion Express, for contempt of the East.

From August 1 to December 31, 1925 inclusive, a total of 201,970,804 bushels of grain were marketed along Canadian Pacific western lines. Of this amount there were 164,191,936 bushels of wheat and 37,778,868 bushels of other grains. Loadings for the same period were 124,469 cars of grain containing 182,074,850 bushels as compared to 88,888 cars, for the same period of 1924, containing 121,618,651 bushels.

A Lifetime of Shaving.

Ask the average man his ear to ear measurement and it is doubtful if he will give the correct answer. It is 12½ inches. From where his beard starts on his throat to his chin and thence to his underlip is 4½ inches. This area has to be shaved every day by the man who wishes to look spruce and clean.

Keen on having a clean shave, a man makes two strokes with his razor to shave every inch, and then goes over his face again. So that every day he goes over about 68 inches of face.

During the year a man shaves 24,820 inches. The chances are that he begins to shave when he is seventeen or eighteen and continues till he has reached the age of seventy. During those fifty-odd years, his razor will have travelled 20 miles.

The Strait of Gibraltar.

The Strait of Gibraltar at its narrowest point is only nine miles wide. Between Point Europa and Cape Ceuta the strait measures fifteen miles in width, and at the western extremity it is twenty-four miles wide. The length from east to west is thirty-six miles. The Strait of Belle Isle is eleven miles at its narrowest point.

Facts About Falls.

If a mouse fell down a mine shaft of fifteen hundred feet it would merely bump itself on landing, give itself a shake and continue. A rat would break its bones, whereas all that would remain if a man or a horse had a similar adventure would be a splash.

A PROVINCIAL ORGANIZATION

Main Office, Toronto

FOR 107 years the Bank of Montreal has maintained offices in the Province of Ontario ready to accept monies upon deposit, and loan these funds to farmers, merchants, manufacturers and business men generally upon terms consistent with sound banking and the proper custody of its depositors' funds.

Since the first office was established in 1818 at Toronto, the Bank has spread throughout the Province until today it has 249 offices in Ontario, with headquarters at Toronto, ready to give prompt and efficient service to people of this Province.

Small accounts are welcome and are accorded the same service as that given to large accounts.

Customers of the Bank have all the advantages resulting from a Provincial Organization, combined with the strength and facilities of a nation-wide Banking Institution having world-wide connections.

BANK OF MONTREAL
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Auto Accessories, Gas and Gargoyle Oil
Genuine Ford Parts

Ford Quick Change Transmission Bands Installed—Can be relined in half an hour.

Rubber Tires for Buggies — Hard and Cushion.

Graham's Garage
'Phone 218. DUNDAS ST., EAST P. O. Box 567.

How's Business?

"Business is as good as we make it" is the answer of business leaders. And it is worth while to note that most big businesses owe much of their success and prestige to the steady use of Advertising.

ADVERTISING in THE NAPANEE EXPRESS would help you promote your business. It would attract new customers, retain the goodwill of old ones and increase public confidence in your store and service.

ADVERTISING is simply salesmanship in the mass. It is an efficient, low-priced salesman. Investigate its merits.

Progressive Merchants Advertise

Mint and Money.

Mint and money really come from the same word—Moneta, which was Juno Moneta in Ancient Rome. Juno, of course, was one of the great Roman goddesses, appearing in different forms and under various names in all sorts of temples. One of these names was Juno Moneta, Juno in the form of a grown woman, goddess of matronhood, dignity and wealth. And it was in her special temple that the Romans first began to coin money in the modern sense of gold and silver. From this it is easy to see how the word "mint"—the place where money is coined—developed from Moneta. It came down to us from the Romans through the Saxons.

Woman vs. Man.

The fastest woman swimmer can only travel 85 per cent. as fast as the fastest man. This is so that, although her skill is presumably just as great, she cannot exert the same power as the man. In running the maximum speed of a woman is 75 per cent. of the man's.

The world's record long jump for a man is 25.5 feet, and for a woman 16.9 feet. The high jump records are respectively 6.61 feet and 5 feet.

The Copts.

The Copts of Egypt are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians, mingled with Greeks and Persians. Their religion is a form of Christianity. They number about half a million.

SIX STORES | McINTOSH BROS.' | SIX STORES

JANUARY CLEARING SALE

CLEARANCE TIME IS MONEY-SAVING AT McINTOSH BROS., when the greatest values of the season are presented in order to move out as much stock as possible before stocktaking. Many of the lots are small and sizes not complete in every line, but they must be cleared out. Prices in many cases are about half the regular marking. Get in early and get your share. You will find lots of bargains that are not advertised. SALE STARTS FRIDAY, JANUARY 15th.

MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, 75c

In a heavy quality fleece that we have sold regularly at $1.00 per garment. Sizes 34 to 44, shirts and drawers. January Clearing Sale Price, per garment........**75c**

MEN'S HEAVY WORK HOSE, 3 pairs $1.00

In Grey only, spliced heels and toes. Reg. 39c. pair. Our January Clearing Sale Price........**3 prs. for $1.00**

MEN'S HEAVY WORK SKIRTS, 2 for $1.89

In Grey and Khaki Domette Flannel, made large size, with double stitched seams, attached collar and yoke, button band cuffs. Reg. $1.50 and $1.25. January Clearing Sale Price....**2 for $1.89**

MEN'S HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR

Guaranteed 100 per cent. pure wool. Vests are double breasted. This underwear is made by one of the most reliable makers and sells regularly at $3.50 a suit. January Clearing Sale price, per suit........**$2.50**

MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

About 9 doz. Men's Fine Shirts, in neat stripes and plain collars ; in Blue, Black, Mauve and Tan Stripes. Reg. up to $2.00. January Sale Price........**95c**

Flannelette Bargains

We are placing on sale our entire stock of Flannelettes at prices that will reduce our stock in short notice. Be sure you get your share early.

27-INCH FLANNELETTE

Plain white and colored stripes. Reg. 25c. yd. January Sale Price........**5 yds. for $1.00**

36-INCH FLANNELETTE

Colored stripes and plain white. Reg. price 30c. January Sale Price........**4 yds .for $1.00**

36-INCH ENGLISH FLANNELETTE

In colored stripes, white and plain grey. Reg. 39c. January Sale Price....**3 yds. for $1.00**

36-INCH ENGLISH FLANNELETTE

Suitable for Pyjamas, in stripe and plain white. Reg. 50c. January Sale Price per yd. **43c**

Hosiery Clearing

CHILDREN'S HEAVY RIBBED WORSTED HOSE

In Black only, sizes 6½ to 10. Regular price 59c. January Sale Price....**2 prs. for 95c**

CHILDREN'S RIBBED COTTON HOSE

In a superior quality, in Black and Brown only. January Sale Price........**4 prs. for 90c**

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE

Our prices in Silk and Wool Hose have always been 15c. to 25c. a pair less. Now look at our prices. The London Lady quality, with hemmed and elastic ribbed tops. January Sale Price........**98c**

LADIES' SILK HOSE

We have a few dozen of Ladies' Art Silk Hose that we are clearing during our January Sale at........**3 prs. for $1.00**

LADIES' PURE SILK HOSE

The Venus quality in all the leading and new shades. Regular price $1.50. January Sale, per pair........**$1.39**

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S RIBBED COTTON VESTS

High neck and long sleeves. Reg. price 49c. to 59c. January Sale Price........**39c**

CHILDREN'S PURE WOOL VESTS AND DRAWERS

Turnbull's Pure Wool Vests and Drawers, in plain white and natural, with long sleeves. Reg. $1.25 and $1.50. January Sale Price per garment........**95c**

LADIES' BLOOMERS

Heavy Cotton Ribbed Bloomers, in plain Navy, Camel and Pin[illegible]g. 75c. January Sale Price........**59c**

LAD[illegible] BLOOMERS

Turnbu[illegible]ke, in Grey, Sand and Pink. Reg. $1.19. [illegible]anuary Sale Price, per pair......**79c**

CHILDREN'S FLEECED BLOOMERS

In Grey, mixed and Sand only. Reg. 75c. January Sale Price, per pair........**59c**

SOAP SPECIAL

18 Bars of P. & G., Comfort, Sunlight, Gold or Surprise Laundry Soap. January Sale Price

$1.00

ALUMINUM SPECIAL

Colonial Tea Kettles
Colonial Percolators
Colonial Double Boilers
Potato Pots
Convex Saucepans

95c.

10½-inch Roasters
Pudding Pan Sets
Saucepan Sets
Water Pails
Dish Pans

TOILET PAPER SPECIAL

While the stock lasts of our Dandy quality Toilet Paper. Reg. 5c. roll. January Sale Price

25 ROLLS. $1.00

CHILDREN'S SLEEPERS

Fleece Lined Sleepers for Children, in natural shade. Two styles—one buttons at back, the other is the one-button style. January Sale Price, per suit........**98c**

LADIES' GINGHAM HOUSE DRESSES

Made from a good quality Gingham, in Blue, Mauve, Green and Yellow Checks. Reg. $1.25. January Sale........**98c**

LADIES' FLANNELETTE GOWNS

White Flannelete Gowns, made from a nice soft material. Reg. $1.25 and $1.35. January Sale........**98c**

CHILDREN'S TOQUES

Children's All Wool Toques and Hockey Caps, in a large assortment of colorings and stripes. Reg. up to 75c. January Sale........**49c**

HOMESPUN SPECIAL

About 150 yards All Wool Homespun, 42 in. wide. Reg. 79c. January Sale, per yd........**69c**

ALL WOOL SERGE

42 inches wide, in shades of Mauve, Brown, Copen, Maroon and other shades. Reg. 79c. January Sale........**69c**

Clover Leaf Cups and Saucers. Jan'y Sale price........7 for $1.00

Clover Leaf Bread and Butter. Sale, 12 for $1.00

Hand-painted China Cups and Saucers. Reg. up to 35c. Jan'y Sale Price, each....25c

China Cake Plates. Reg. 50c. Jan'y Sale....39c

Glass Pitchers, reg. 35c. Jan'y Sale........25c

Glass Cream and Sugars, reg. 75c. Jan'y Sale........49c

7-piece Fruit Sets, reg. $1.25. Jan'y Sale Price........$1.00

97-piece Dinner Set, Willow pattern. Jan'y Sale Price........$15.00

97-piece Dinner Set, Oakworth Stock pattern. Reg. $35. Jan'y Sale Price....$25.00

CURTAIN SAVINGS

Scrim, in Cream and White only, with neat border. January Sale Price........**7 yds for $1.00**

36-INCH MARQUISETTE

In Cream and White, plain and checked, with neat border. Jan'y Sale Price, **5 yds. $1.00**

36-INCH CHINTZ FOR OVERCURTAINS

We are placing our regular 50c. Chintz on sale during our Jan'y Clearing Sale at, per yd, **39c**

TOWELING BARGAINS

All Linen Toweling, 16 in. wide, reg. 25c yd. January Sale Price........**5 yds. for $1.00**

22-INCH CHECK TEA TOWELING

Pure Linen, checked and plain, with colored border. Reg. 35c. Jan'y Sale Price, per yd., **27c**

COLORED TERRY TOWELING

A limited quantity only. Striped Terry Toweling, reg. 35c. Jan'y Sale Price..**5 yds $1.00**

McINTOSH BROS.,

NAPANEE BRANCH

W. H. KER, Manager

FARMER'S ACCOUNT BOOK

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The Dominion Experimental Farms system has published an extremely simple farmer's account book, designed to last a complete year. To "keep" it needs no special knowledge of accounting ; simply the ability to write and add ; and a record of all transactions might be made in an hour a week. A few plain directions as to making entries, some aids to taking inventories, a table of silo capacities and a gestation table, are given on the insides of the cover.

In the book itself are pages for the entry of receipts and expenditures (both of which may be seen at a glance on the same page) relative to cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, crops and labour; and there is also ample space for miscellaneous items. There is a page for amounts owed to and by the farm, and forms on which may be made inventories of land and buildings, of live stock, of feed and supplies, and of machinery. Following is a page on which may be filled out a summary of the year's business, together with the few directions necessary to filling it out intelligently at the end of the year. Further, for the farmer's information there is a table in which to enter acreage and yield of crops, and one in which to keep a live stock service record.

Send for one now and record your transactions from the beginning of 1926. It is obtainable from the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, at a nominal charge of ten cents. No postage need be placed on letters of application.

Choice Celery
Iceberg Lettuce
Sweet Potatoes
Fresh Tomatoes
Cauliflower

Try Our
Teas and Coffee

Webster's Grocery
(Sign of Quality)

BITTER MILK

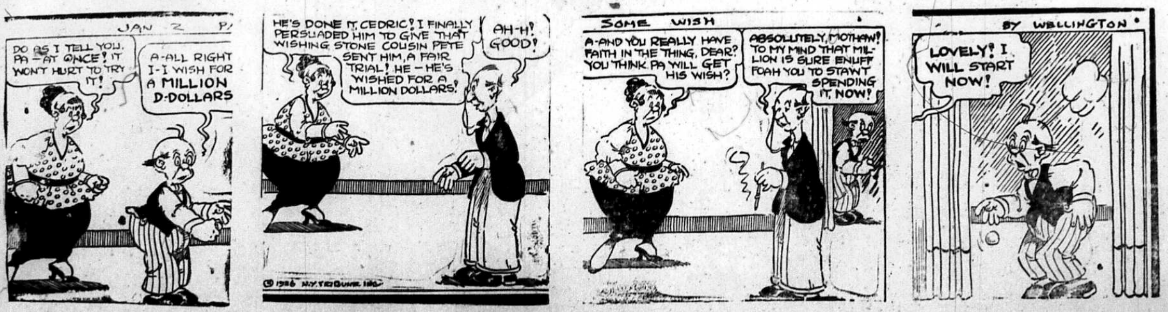
(Experimental Farms Note.)

Exposed as it is to contamination, not only in the stable, but also with every subsequent handling, milk is always infected to a degree, depending upon the sanitary conditions employed, by many types of bacteria which find in it ideal conditions for growth. Some bacteria cause no noticeable change while others, by affecting the color, consistency, odour or flavour, often injure the milk to such an extent as to render it, as well as products made from it, worthless.

A bitter taste in milk is occasionally due to specific substances in the feed which are absorbed into the milk. In such cases the milk is bitter when drawn, while the remedy lies in removing the offending feed. Other cases, often epidemic in nature, arise where bitterness develops after the milk is drawn and in such instances bacteria are the cause of the trouble. As this frequentlq ocurs even where sanitary conditions are in general good, the source of the trouble is often hard to locate and remove. In an investigation conducted at the Central Experimental Farm, sudies were made of condition affecting the production of bitterness connected with an outbreak where bacteria were found to be the cause. The bacteria themselves were found to belong to a group occurring naturally in water supplies and contamination from the utensils is believed to be the source. Remedial measures, then, should consist in paying special care to the cleaning and sterilization of all containers, by using scalding water or steam as a final treatment. Final wiping with a cloth is to be discouraged.

The production of bitterness by the bacteria was found to be encouraged by contact of milk with air, either by increasing the exposed surface or by agitation. When milk is stored any length of time it is better, in dealing with bitter milk troubles, to keep the exposed surface at a minimum in proportion to volume and to minimize agitation. Furthermore, the bitter bacteria studied were found to be more resistant to heat than the majority of milk bacteria. It was found that imperfectly pasteurized milk was specially prone to turn bitter due to the greater resistance to heat of the bitter bacteria than that of other germs able to keep the former in check. Pasteurization, then, should be through, and when there is danger of bitterness developing, it would appear advisable to exceed the usual time or temperature commonly employed.

Pa's Son-in-Law


JAN 2
DO AS I TELL YOU, PA—AT ONCE! IT WON'T HURT TO TRY IT!
A-ALL RIGHT I-I WISH FOR A MILLION D-DOLLARS
HE'S DONE IT, CEDRIC! I FINALLY PERSUADED HIM TO GIVE THAT WISHING STONE COUSIN PETE SENT HIM, A FAIR TRIAL! HE—HE'S WISHED FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!
AH-H! GOOD!
© 1926 N.Y. TRIBUNE INC.
SOME WISH
A-AND YOU REALLY HAVE FAITH IN THE THING, DEAR? YOU THINK PA WILL GET HIS WISH?
ABSOLUTELY, MOTHAW! TO MY MIND THAT MILLION IS SURE ENUFF FOAH YOU TO STAWT SPENDING IT, NOW!
BY WELLINGTON
LOVELY! I WILL START NOW!

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Automobile Hockey Skates

—and—

Alumino Hockey Skates

are the professionals favorites.

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Then, don't forget that we carry a complete line of Electric Fixtures, Shades, and Lamps of all kinds.

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House wiring a specialty.

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VanLuven

1865-1925

HEAT FOLKS

THEY USED TO SHUT OFF SOME OF THE ROOMS WHEN WINTER LOOSED HIS CHILLY GLOOMS
BUT NOW YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THEM BOAST BECAUSE EACH ROOM IS WARM AS TOAST

A home is so much more "homey" in the winter.

We can appreciate the warmth and cozines of our own firesides on the cold, raw days, thhe snowy, stormy days.

Even with the strike on the Heat Folks are prepared to give you your usual winter comfort. 'Phone 92 for a load of Burnside Coal or Solvay Coke, either of which will put that "Welcome Home" atmosphere of cosy warmth into your house. Anthhracite in all sizes.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS* for good, clean coal

VanLuven

[illegible]hone 92 Napanee

To [illegible]blic.

All parties are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mary Ann Snider.

FRANK SNIDER, Odessa.
6-bp

Children's Photographs.

You should have a permanent record of the ever changing expressions of child-life — have their pictures made more often. Preserve the little smiles they have for you now—next year they may have grown out of them, anyway they will be different. Make an appointment to-day, for either in your own home, or at my studio. I make a specialty of child-photography.

BERTRAM F. HAWLEY.
Residence—Studio,
Dundas Street, West. 45-tf

The I. O. D. E. Competitions.

Do not fail to compete for the above. The prizes are substantial and worth the effort. Results will be published throughout Canada, in "Echoes," the official organ of the Order, and probably in other Journals. Conditions governing the above can be obtained from "The Napanee Express" of the 5th of January, from the Regent or any member of the "U. E. L." Chapter I.O.D.E. The Contest for the Christmas Card design closes on **1st February, 1926**, therefore, hasten in sending in material to the proper headquarters. The local Chapter of the I.O.D.E. would very much like to see some of these honours coming to Napanee or its vicinity. The Competitions are open to anyone clever enough to win them, so try your wings in this flight.

The name
McCALLUM
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memorials stands for

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GRACE
not size

CRAFTSMANSHIP
not price

Illustrations on request.

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Quality since 1864

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., will be conducted by the Pastor.

9.30—Class meeting

11.45 — Sunday School and Bible Classes.

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.—Midweek Prayer and Praise service.

Hyacinth Bulbs.

Large bulbs, mixed colors. We are clearing out the balance of our stock at 5c. each. Plant now for Easter bloom.

GEO. E. WINTER.

St. Pat's Euchre and Dance.

St. Patrick's Hockey Club will hold a Euchre and Dance in the Parish Hall, on Thursday evening, January 21st,. Song Shoppe Orchestra. Refreshments, and everybody welcome. Tickets, 50c.

Scotch Concert.

In St. Andrew's church, Monday, January 25th, at 8 p.m., Soloists, Mrs. Vaulkman, Miss Dwyer, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. LaSalle. Other artists, Messrs. Waite, Shannon, and Vandervoort. A Paper on Robert Burns' works will be given by Mr. Jas. Watson. Orchestra in attendance. Silver collection. Don't miss this treat.

Historical Society Lecture.

The Historical Society is fortunate in securing Dr. Campbell to open this season's series of lectures. His subject will be "Rambles in Normandy," and will be illustrated by lantern slides. The people of Napanee and vicinity have not in the past, taken full advantage of the intellectual treats provided for them by the Society. A full house should greet the doctor on Friday evening in Historical Hall, over the Library. It is to be hoped that the audience will be in their places by eight o'clock so as not to interrupt the proceedings by their entrance. Admission free.

Instal Mammoth Incubator.

This week the M. B. Mills Co. has installed a new Buckeye No. 7 Mammoth Egg Incubator at their place of business at the foot of John Street. This is one of the most modern incubators and weighs about three tons. Theh size is 8 ft. 6 inches by 8 ft. 6 inches, and is 7 ft. 3 inches high. It has a capacity of 12,000 eggs and has 108 turning trays with a capacity of 98 eggs each, and 36 hatching trays within a capacity of 96 eggs each. It also has a system of electric fans, thus doing away with the necessity of cooling, saving handling and the consequent breaking of eggs. The M. B. Mills Co. have a 3000 and a 6000 egg machine in addition to the new one just installed and will be in a position to handle quickly all the business given them.

New Star at Napanee ; Picton Loses, 10 to 2.

The Napanee intermediates defeated Picton here Friday night by 10 to 2. The locals skated rings around the visitors, and played high-class hockey, with Kirby the outstanding star. Local fans are convinced that Kirby is the best player ever produced here, and this despite the fact that Leo Trimble and Duffy Dafoe of Queen's University prewar teams, learned the sport here.

Picton—Goal, Croft ; defense, Burns, Church ; centre, Boyle ; right wing, Clifford ; left wing, Brooks ; subs., Hyatt, Youngs, Knapran.

Napanee—Goal, Fraser ; defense, Naphin, Bentley ; centre, Kirby ; right wing, Houle ; left wing, Shoemaker ; subs., Huffman, McGarry, Johnston.

1926 TOUR TO ALASKA.

Arrange for an all-expense, personally conducted tour to Alaska have now been completed, starting from Toronto via the Canadian National Railways, early in July, visiting enroute important Western Canadian Cities, Wainwright Buffalo Park, Jasper National Park and Pacific Coast points. This will be one of the finest trips anyone can possibly take from a scenic and educational point of view. A folder descriptive of the tour, giving complete information is now in hand and will be available shortly on application to Mr. Martin Kerr, (Principal of Earl Kitchener School), 4 Beulah Ave., Hamilton, and Mr. A. E. Bryson, (Principal of Silverthorn School), 44 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto. In view of the very heavy traffic to Alaska during the short season available it would be well to make early reservation as demands for accommodations are sure to be heavy.

The Late E. S. Lapum.

Edwin Smith Lapum, who has been a prominent figure in the municipal life of Napanee for a long number of years, passed away at his home on Saturday morning. Mr. Lapum served the town as councillor, reeve and mayor for a number of years, and during his term as reeve, was elected Warden of the county, the highest honor in the gift of the County Council. On the death of the late Robt. Mill he was appointed town treasurer, and filled the office with satisfaction, both to himself and the Town of Napanee. Some years ago Mr. Lapum had a store on the market square and was at the same time a very successful auctioneer. Deceased was a member of Union Lodge A. F. & A. M., and a charter member of Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., and the last surviving charter member of that lodge. Surviving are two sons, Mr. C. Hartley Lapum, Napanee ; and Fred, of Mexico City. Mrs. Thomas, Dundas street, is a sister. The funeral took place from his late residence on Sunday afternoon. A private service was held at the residence and a public service in Trinity church, followed by the Masonic service. The members of the Town Council and town officials, and the Public Utilities Commission attended the service in a body, also the Masonic and Oddfellows lodges.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

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DESERONTO, ONT.
Minister :
Rev. H. G. Richardson, B.A.

Hours of Sunday services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Seats free.

All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 10 a.m., Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church — Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public service, 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church — Anniversary Services. Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

Thursday, 28th—Tea and Entertainment, 7 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

W. C. T. U. Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Public Library, on Tuesday, Jan. 26th, at 3 p.m.

POULTRY.

Four Well Marked Species of Fowl Are Known.

The term poultry is derived from the French "poulet," the diminutive form of the other French word, "poule," meaning a fowl. Our word poultry is usually regarded as including the whole of the domesticated birds reclaimed by man for the sake of their flesh and their eggs.

The word fowl comes from the old Danish "fugel," and was originally used in the same sense that bird now is, but practically almost confined at present to designate the otherwise nameless species which struts on our dunghills, gathers round our barn-doors, or stocks our poultry yards—the type of the genus "Gallus" of ornithologists. To use the terms of common speech, by fowl in this sense it means cocks, hens and chickens.

Four well marked species of fowl are known. The first of these is the red jungle-fowl of the greater part of India, called by many writers "Gallus bankiva," which is undoubtedly the parent stock of all the domesticated races found to-day on farms and in poultry yards. It inhabits northern India and many of the eastern islands including the Philippines.

This species resembles in plumage what is commonly known among poultry-fanciers as the "black-breasted game breed." This species is found in lofty forests and in dense thickets, and when cultivated land is near its haunts, it may be seen in the fields after the crops are cut in straggling parties of from ten to twenty. The crow of the cock is like that of a bantam, never prolonged as in most domesticated birds. Such is the red jungle-fowl of India, the "Galus bankiva," which is the parent stock of all our cocks, hens and chickens.

The second good species is the grey jungle-fowl, which occupies the southern part of the Indian Peninsular, without being found elsewhere. The cock has the end of the shaft of the neck hackles dilated, forming a horny plate, like a drop of yellow sealing-wax. His call is very peculiar, being a broken and imperfect kind of a crow, quite unlike tnat of the jungle-fowl, already described, and more like a cackle.

The third species is the Sinhalese jungle-fowl, peculiar to Ceylon. This also greatly resembles in plumage some domestic birds, but the cock is red beneath, and has a yellow comb with red edge and purplish-red cheeks and wattles. He has also a singularly different voice, his crow being dissyllabic.

The fourth species inhabits Java and the islands eastward. This species differs remarkably from the others in not possessing hackles, and in having a large unserrated comb of red and blue and only a single chin wattle. The predominance of green in its plumage is another easy mark of distinction. Such are the four species of fowl, but from the first have been developed the numerous varieties of domestic cocks and hens and chickens to be found practically throughout the world.

Several circumstances seem to render it likely that fowls were first domesticated in Burma or the countries adjacent thereto, and it is the tradition of the Chinese that they received their poultry from the West about the year 1400 B.C. Greece received fowl from Persia, for it is mentioned by a writer of ancient Greece as the Persian bird.

Equal Right, But No Favor.

"I suppose," said a lady to a trolley car conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and be allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the conductor replied politely. "He will be treated the same as other passengers, and can occupy a seat provided he does not put his feet on it!"

Bede Cottage Sold.

Bede cottage, the scene of George Eliot's novel and the original home of "Adam Bede," situated on Roston common, Derbyshire, was recently sold by auction for $2,675. The cottage still has the building attached which formed the workshop of Adam and Seth Bede.

Sound-Proof Council Room.

The apartment at 10 Downing street, where the meetings of the British cabinet are held, is a solid and plainly furnished room, 15 feet long and 20 feet wide, fitted with double doors, through which no sound can reach the keenest listening ears.

McIntos Bros. adv. on page 3 of this issue will be well worth reading.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Morning Class.
10.30—Morning Service.
Subject, "And Peter."
11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.
Subject—"The challenge of the Church to the Young People of today."
Monday, 7.30—Church School Young People's Section.
Wednesday,, 7.30 — Mid-week session of the Church School. (Adult Section).

THE ARGENTINE.

Wealth of the Country Is In the Fertile Plains.

The Argentine is Canada's greatest rival in the cattle and wheat markets of the world. In wheat-raising, Canada leads, but the Argentine has somewhat the better of the Dominion in cattle-raising. British papers concede that the Argentine will never equal Canada in wheat crops, but it is worthy of note that Argentina is a country of nearly 2,000,000 square miles, and that about 80 per cent. of the soil is fertile and capable of producing wheat, corn, linseed, cotton and fruia.

We are told that the greater part of Argentina remains as it was when the Spaniards first settled there. It is a country of enormous plains. But there are stretches of high, sterile regions. In the extreme northwest is the Despobiado, which forms a part of the Bolivian plateau, a desolate country, without water and without people. On the west, the great range of the Andes divides Argentina from Chile. There are some other high ranges and plateaus; but plains are the prevailing feature. The cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and then the illimitable stretches of pampas—these are Argentina.

Hundreds of miles of earth show not the slightest inequality. Only amid the wastes of the sea can man feel so remote and alone as he does in these wild, solitary stretches. Undulating intervals are rare. The grassy plains reach level to the horizon. A vast sea, on which no wave breaks, only the wind making a rhythmic ripple on the surface. Then there is the extensive desert of Patagonia, as flat as the Pampas, but completely covered with stones and shingle, diversified with large boulders, spiny bushes and shallow salt lakes. A sterile place, aged, dead.

The wealth of the country is in the fertile plains. Every farmer knows that a soil in which thistles flourish is good growing soil. There are no other such thistles in the world as the giants that grow on the Pampas. There are "thistle years," when the plant springs up everywhere and causes the gaucho to curse and to long for the pampero, the hot wind which breaks with sudden violence over the land, bringing in its wake torrents of rain that beat the hated thistles to death.

W. H. Hudson, who spent his childhood on estancias in Argentina, where his exquisite sensibility was nourished by the wild life of the plains, has left an indelible picture of a "thistle year." It is a hateful period of restraint to the gaucho, who lives half his day on his horse, and loves his freedom as much as a wild bird, he says. His house becomes like a cage to him, the tall thistles hemming it in and shutting out the view on all sides.

The gaucho, the picturesque ruffian of romance writers, has created the country's wealth. He has yielded somewhat to the crop-growers. On some of his lands, where thirty years and less ago half-wild cattle and horses grazed and strange birds nested, corn is now growing for the markets of Europe. But the Pampas is immense, and the herdsman of the plains, hardy, spirited, ignorant, is still the chief factor in making his country rich and prosperous. The gauchos are almost a race apart. They are of Spanish descent, but there is a strong mixture of the Indian. They are careless of life, their own and others'. "So many beautiful horses died. Why trouble over a man?" Duel fights with knives were once a regular feature of their lives, and they are not uncommon now. Off their horses they are like sailors ashore. "A man without a horse is a man without legs."

Ivory Mats.

There are but three mats of ivory in existence. The largest one measures 8 by 4 feet; and, although made in the north of India, has a Greek design for a border. It is used only on state occasions, like the signing of important state documents. The cost of this precious mat was almost incalculable, for more than 6,400 pounds of pure ivory were used in its construction. Only the finest and most flexible strips of the material could be used and the mat is like the finest woven fabric.

World's Debt to the East.

Civilization was born in the East. For ages letters, art, religion flowed westward from Asia. When Europe was a wilderness, peopled only with savage, wandering tribes, learning and government flourished beyond the Dardanelles. From Armenia, Syria and Persia came both the Jewish and the Christian religions, the alphabet and much of science. Long since the tide turned. Civilization among these eastern peoples began to ebb, and they have slipped far back toward their pastoral days.

Beware of Compromises.

One temptation in making difficult decisions is to compromise. You aren't sure which way is the best, you seek to combine the advantages of both, and many a time merely combine all the disadvantages. To be sure, there are times when a compromise is the wisest course, but there are just as many times when it is cowardice and weakness. How can one tell which times are which? Well, that is simply another decision for you.

Passed Up Tempting Offer.

William Ewart Gladstone, the great statesman, refused tens of thousands of pounds offered to him for articles by publishers. It is said that an American magazine proprietor once sent him a blank check and told him to fill it up for any amount he pleased so long as he sent him 2,000 words for his magazine. Mr. Gladstone returned the letter and the check also as blank as it arrived.

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THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS

FAME FROM FLUKES.

Useful Discoveries Often Made by Accident.

When the Prince of Wales visited Kimberley recently he was shown the grease-process of extracting the very last diamond from the sticky mess in which it is hidden. This used to be a hopeless job, but one morning an engine hand thrust his grease-smeared fingers into the diamond paste, and thus accidentally discovered that an admixture of grease caused the diamonds to remain behind when the water washed away the waste material in which they were embedded.

It is possible that more useful discoveries and inventions have been made by accident than by design. The pointed spade or shovel was the result of a workman grinding off the corners of his square spade when digging stiff clay. It brought him a fortune.

The burning of a starch factory on the banks of the Liffey first revealed the adhesive qualities of scorched starch mixed with water, and introduced to the world a new and cheap gum.

To the upsetting, by William Murdoch, of a tool chest, we are indebted for cast-iron cement; and the accident of a child playing with a bottomless flash which his brother, a Swiss mechanic named Argand, placed over the flame of his crude oil lamp, resulted in the invention of the lamp chimney. A Nuremberg glass-cutter accidentally let some aqua fortis drop on his spectacles, and etching on glass quickly followed.

The inventor of automatic signalling on railways got his idea of track-circuiting from a spirit-rapping seance. He found that the table stood on two brass rails running across the stage, and immediately suspected the use of electricity. Taking a piece of insulated wire, the ends of which were open, he laid it across the two rails and the spirit ceased to "rap."

Years afterward, when he was a signal engineer, this early experiment recurred to his mind, and he used the idea for the protection of millions of railway passengers.

A traveller through the Yellowstone Park stumbled on a dead horse. The animal had been lying there for a long time, but was wonderfully preserved. On examining the carcase it was found to be covered with borax, hitherto used only in glazing linen, but destined to become one of the most useful chemical compounds in industry through this accidental discovery of its preservative qualities.

The placing together of two spectacle glasses by the children of a Dutch optician led to Galileo's construction of the first telescope, and a mere accident helped Senefelder to the invention of lithography.

One day, when he was polishing off a stone for etching, his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen that the laundress was waiting to carry away. No paper being available, he wrote the list on the stone in some printing ink.

A few days later, when he was about to rub the writing off the stone, he thought he would try the effect of writing on stone bitten in with aqua fortis. He bit away one hundredth part of an inch, took several impressions of the writing, and discovered that he had invented the art of lithography.

A lucky accident laid the foundation of the Nobel fortune. Alfred Nobel was assisting his father in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, when in 1867 he discovered a cask leaking and some of the nitro-glycerine mingling with the siliceous sand used for packing. This trivial circumstance suggested a method of preparing a safe and manageable explosive, and the result was dynamite.

A young Bolton engineer, out for an evening stroll, noticed that the seeds of a sycamore falling to the ground acquired a rotary motion as they fell. He noticed, further, that the two wings were turned in opposite directions. This provided the first idea of the screw-propeller.

Green Cord Wood.

Gibbard Furniture Shops will have a supply of green cord wood of 4-foot lengths, which they will sell at $10 a cord, or cut wood at $4.00 a rack. 7-c

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

A real live leopard plays a prominent part in "THE HALF WAY GIRL," a new First National feature, with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes.

And a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

In the new Shirley Mason picture, "THE STAR DUST TRAIL," produced by William Fox, much of the story ceners around the every-day life of the musical comedy chorus girl.

Also a 2-reel Western.

Also a funny two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"THE BUTTERFLY," featuring Laura La Plante and Ruth Clifford, a drama of romance that will charm you.

Also a special Comedy.

Wednesday night only, Normile's Orchestra.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

FAMOUS POET'S PETS.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti Had Love for Strange Pets.

One of the most romantic as well as one of the greatest figures of Victorian times was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for he was in the front rank both as a painter and a poet. But, like many other men of genius, he had some peculiarities, among them the love of strange pets, which he kept mostly in his big garden behind No. 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

At one time or another he possessed a wombat, a woodchuck, an armadillo, a racoon, a kangaroo, a deer, a chameleon, a salamander, and even a zebu, the sacred cow of India. The wombat was probably the favorite and enjoyed most privileges, being accustomed to sleep on the epergne in the middle of the dinner table, quite undisturbed by lights or conversation. On one occasion it took advantage of an absorbing discussion to help itself to expensive cigars. It chewed up a boxful.

Tennyson wrote several poems on the owl, as other poets do on nightingales and skylarks. One night, sitting at the attic window in his father's country rectory, he heard the cry of a young owl, and imitated it so well that the bird came to him. From that moment it became a household pet. Its fate was a sad one, however, for it was drowned in a well.

The nearest and dearest pet Burns ever possessed was a sheep, which he called Maillie. He wrote two poems to Maillie after her death. The sheep used to follow the poet everywhere, and would run with the speed of a greyhound to meet her master.

Cowper's three hares—Puss, Tiny, and Bess—belong to literature, for he tells their story in his inimitable letters. Puss was his companion for eleven years and eleven months. She was in the habit of pulling his hair when she wanted to go for a walk. Tiny was a bad-tempered little beast, responding to caresses with snaps and grunts. Bess was gentle and affectionate. The three enjoyed a nightly romp on the poet's parlor carpet.

MAN SLEEPS LIKE LOG, EATS ANYTHING

After taking Adlerika I can eat anything and sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down nor sleep. " (signed) R. C. Miller. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Often brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

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IF YOU desire to place any of your valuable papers, jewellery, or other precious belongings in one of our Safety Deposit Boxes, you will find our staff ready to render prompt and courteous service at all times during banking hours. The cost to you is only nominal and we are glad to be of any possible assistance when you wish access to your box.

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FIRST WOMAN JOURNALIST?

Scots' Woman Began Career as a Journalist In 1812.

She was a Scot, of course, and an acquaintance if not a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and has achieved the distinction of being included in the Dictionary of National Biography.

Christiana Isobel was born in Fifeshire in 1791, married one M'Leish, and divorced him — strong-minded Christiana!—and in 1812 married John Johnstone, a Dumfermline schoolmaster.

It was then her career as a journalist really began; her husband bought the Inverness Courier, and she helped him, "giving a literary tone to the paper." Incidentally she contributed to its columns some excellent cookery recipes, which when the couple left Inverness to start in Edinburgh she collected and published in book form.

Now it happened that "St. Ronan's Well" had appeared in 1824, and "Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn" had leapt to fame. Astute Christiana therefore called her cookery book, which was published in 1826, "Meg Dods' Cook and Housewife's Manual." Evidently she knew the secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, because the preface to the book is obviously the work of the Magician of the North, and was recognized as his by the leading London literary review of that time. The literary folk-lore notes with which the book is packed were likewise written by the same pen.

Mrs. Johnstone was a contributor to the general journalism of that day, and made her mark as a literary critic with a distinctive style. For many years she edited one of Edinburgh's leading magazines, and was a friend of De Quincey and the guide-philosopher of many a budding poet and author. She died in 1857, full of years and honor.

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TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
24-tf

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Song Was Conceived and Written by a Northerner.

Stephen Collins Foster wrote so many ballads with words and music that when collected they make a fair-sized volume. Out of this volume "Old Folks at Home" stands out prominently. Which of us, young or old, is not moved by this haunting melody. We feel the longing in the Negro's heart and visualize the tumble-down cabin and the old folks at home. In it are the outpourings of the Negro's plaintiveness, the accumulated sufferings of his race somewhat akin to the minor key stressed in music of the oppressed. Only a person observant with universal sympathies could teach us to feel the joy and sorrow of the poor and lowly.

It would appear that only one who lived below the Mason and Dixon line could indite in immortal music the shifting panorama of an entire race. But, strange as it may seem, "Old Folks at Home" was conceived and written by Foster, a northerner, who was born July 4, 1826, in Lawrenceville, Pa. His father was engaged in commerce and floated many a cargo to his southern customers down the river. Frequently the son would accompany these cargoes to their destination, for it afforded him the opportunity to observe the life of the Negroes, then in slavery. While returning from one of these periodic trips, Foster received a request from E. P. Christy, of New York, to forward an original manuscript of a ballad before submitting some for publication. Christy was then conducting the Negro melody concerts and was in the market for compositions before publication. It was then that Foster conceived "Old Folks at Home." But in the first line of the song he was stumped for a name with two syllables. His brother suggested "Lasoo" and Pedee," but this failed to meet the composer's approval. Taking an atlas from the old-fashioned book-case and opening it by chance to the map of the United States, Foster ran his finger to "Swanee," a little river in Florida emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. That word, being softer, adapted itself phonetically to the melody. Completing the manuscript he immediately despatched it to Christy. Its success in the Negro melody concerts came to the ears of Firth, Pond & Co., music publishers, who tendered the author and composer a royalty contract for some. And it was upon a subsequent trip to these same publishers that the gifted Foster met death by accident in his thirty-eighth year, just as he had begun to enjoy fame. It is merely a difference of opinion whether some of his other compositions, such as "Darling Nellie Gray," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dog Tray," "Oh, Susannah" and others approach the emotional intensity of "Old Folks at Home." The permanence of the latter met a rapturous craving that time alone has expanded.

No Wonder.

Mrs. Jobling—"I don't know what is the matter with this clock, but it won't go." Her husband looked at it, then oiled it, and blew in it with the bellows, but it would not go, and he went to bed. The next morning his wife said: "Henry, I know what is the matter with the clock." "Well, what?" asked her husband. "It wants winding!" she said.

Repetition.

Anyone gathering a sheaf of remarkable coincidences should include the following: Six brothers of Canso, Nova Scotia, bearing the Biblical names of Cyrus, Elias, Silas, Ananias, Zacharias and Cornelius, were working on a fish wharf when a heavy thunderstorm came up and one of them was struck by lightning. It was Ananias.—Boston Transcript.

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46

INTRIGUES OF SOLDIERS

LOVE AFFAIRS OF MILITARY COMMANDERS.

"Iron Duke" Was Distinctly a Ladies' Man—Mother's Vain Search for Daughter—Saving a Sinful Soul—The Lady Scored.

"Every nice girl loves a sailor." So a modern bard wrote, though nobody knows why the senior service was mentioned so exclusively.

Now Mr. F. J. Hudleston, the War Office Librarian, tells us, among other things, about the love affairs of famous British and other military commanders in a new book, "Warriors in Undress." For a War Office official, Mr. Hudleston has a very witty pen.

The Duke of Wellington scarcely lived up to his nickname of "Iron Duke" so far as women were concerned. He was distinctly a ladies' man, although he said that no woman ever loved him. Mr. Hudleston refers to an episode in Brussels just before Waterloo, and his witness is Basil Jackson, a staff officer of that time.

"He was sitting in the park when a very great man walked past, and immediately a carriage drove up and a lady got out of it and joined him." They quickly disappeared, and, says Mr. Hudleston: "Another carriage then arrived and from it alighted Lady M. N., who went peering about searching in vain for her daughter, Lady F. W. Lady Mountnorris seems to have been an interfering old lady, and the Duke had later to write to Capt. Webster, Lady Francis' husband, that he 'declined to have any communication with Lady Mountnorris.' In this story of Jackson's one does not know whether to admire more the strategist who brought the lady unchaperoned to the battlefield, or the tactician who immediately took cover."

Mrs. Arbuthnot was another of the Duke's fair friends. She was a beauty of the day and was, with her husband, the Duke's constant companion.

"Scandal was whispered of them, but 'ce cher' Gleig, while admitting that she and the Duke walked together arm-in-arm in the streets, remarks very wisely, 'Regent Street is scarcely the locality which persons meditating any outrage on decorum could select as the place of recreation.' I am sure all my readers, whichever their sex, will endorse this.

"It is pleasant to read that Mr. Gleig firmly believed in the 'possible existence of a pure and lasting friendship between persons of opposite sexes'; the fact that he was nearly ninety when he wrote this is immaterial. How different from that cynical and slightly deaf general officer who, when asked by a lady, 'Do you, then, General, believe that platonic affection is impossible, even in the case of a philosopher?' replied, coldly, 'Madam, I can make no exception, not even in the case of a Field Officer.'"

But the Duke's queerest affair was with "Miss J." (her real name was Jenkins), to whom he wrote three hundred and ninety letters! The girl simply pelted him with letters, tracts, and "spectacle wipers." She persuaded the great man to call upon her, and the War Office Librarian describes what happened in the lady's own words.

"He 'waited in the parlor,' and Miss J., 'after compliments,' said, 'I will now show you my Treasure!' She did so. It proved to be 'a large beautiful Bible.' Shortly afterwards, to my intense astonishment he eagerly seized my hand, exclaiming, 'Oh! How I love you!'"

The lady suffered from religious mania, and her avowed object "was to save his poor sinful soul." Her motto, says Mr. Hudleston, so far as the Duke was concerned, appears to have been, "Up Jenkins and at him!"

The Duke of York's column in the Mall is one of the sights of London. It commemorates Frederick, the Duke of York, who earned the title of "The Soldier's Friend" because of the interest he took in improving the conditions in the army. He, too, was a great ladies' man. Mr. Hudleston says there were whispers of numerous amours. One of them concerned a Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. Here is Mr. Hudleston's lively description of her:—

"Mary Anne was no doubt a baggage, but, from her portrait, a most attractive little baggage. And (unlike a contemporary and equally beautiful baggage, Emma) a very clever and entertaining baggage. In 1807 the Duke and she parted, and she passed to the protection of a Col. Wardle, M.P. (of the Militia), upon which the allowance paid her by the Duke terminated. Mary Anne was annoyed, and the upshot was that Col. Wardle brought a charge in the House of Commons against the Duke of corruption in his administration, and of having shared with the lady the profits of the sale of military commissions and promotions."

At the inquiry that was held, Mary Anne, we are told, stood up to, and scored off, her crossexaminers.

"Under whose protection, madam," thundered a pompous Parliamentary personage, "are you now?" "I had thought, sir," cooed Mary Anne, turning to the chairman, "that I was under yours."

The Duke was acquitted by a large majority, and the same day he resigned his appointment as Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. Hudleston tells an amusing story concerning a portrait of Lord Fisher:—

"Standing in front of a portrait of the late Lord Fisher, and contemplating it through a lorgnette, a Young Person in Pink, whose bump of veneration must have been represented by a slight depression, was overheard to exclaim, in a pleasing voice, but with a kind of drawling disdain: 'Is that the face that launched a thousand ships?' An unkind quotation this, for the features of the gallant gargoyle in question must have borne about as much resemblance to those of Helen as a real idol does to a matinee idol."

Forests of Camphor.

One of the most important of Japan's monopolies is the camphor production of the island of Formosa. The present area of camphor afforestation is 10,650 acres, and some of the trees are from 500 to 1,000 years old.

Wanted Pleasure Prolonged.

Julia was invited to a birthday party given at an exclusive tearoom. When she was asked to choose dessert she said: "I believe I'll take gum—it will make the party last longer."

SANDSTORM IN DESERT

WRITER TELLS OF EXPERIENCES IN AFRICA.

During Storm Any Stationary Object Will Be Smothered by Sand—Means Death to Halt — Indescribable Torture.

Hassenein Bay, F.R.S., who recently made a wonderful trip across the desert from Sollum, in the Mediterranean, to El Obeid, in the Sudan, gives the following account in the Wide World Magazine of a sandstorm in the desert:

Sandstorms are a commonplace in the desert, but as an experience there is nothing at all commonplace about them.

The day dawns with a clear sky and no hint of storm or wind. The desert smiles, and the caravan moves forward cheerfully. Before long a refreshing breeze comes up from nowhere and goes whispering over the sands. Almost imperceptibly it strengthens, but still there is nothing unpleasant about it. Then one looks down at one's feet, and notices that the surface has curiously altered. It looks as though it were underlaid with steam-pipes with thousands of orifices, through which tiny jets of steam are puffing out.

The sand leaps in little spurts and whirls, and the disturbance gradually increases as the wind rises; it seems as though the whole surface of the desert is lifting in obedience to some upthrusting force beneath. Flying pebbles strike against one's shins, knees, and thighs, and a spray of dancing sand-grains climbs one's body till it strikes one's face and goes over one's head.

Gradually the sky is shut out, all but the nearest camels fade from view; the whole universe appears to be filled with hurtling, pelting, stinging, biting particles of torment. Lucky is the traveller then if the wind is blowing at his back!

The torture of the driving sand against your face is indescribable; you can scarcely keep your eyes open, and yet you dare not let them close, for to lose your way in the desert is fatal.

Fortunately the wind comes in driving gusts, spaced in groups of three or four, with a few seconds of blessed lull after each series. While the gusts are making their assault, you turn your face away, pull the side of your kufia (headdress) forward like a screen, and almost hold your breath. When the lull comes, you put the kufia back, take a quick look round to see that you have kept your bearings, and then prepare for the attack.

When a sandstorm comes there is nothing to do but to push doggedly on. Around any stationary object, whether it be a post, a camel, or a man, the eager sands gather quickly, piling it up until there remains only a smoothly-rounded heap. It may be torture to go on, but it is death to halt.

A sandstorm is likely to be at its worst for five or six hours. While it persists, a caravan can only keep going, taking care that the direction is not missed. When the storm is at its fiercest the camels will be scarcely moving, but their instinct tells them that it means death to stop.

The storm drives the sand into everything one possesses; it fills clothes, food, baggage, instruments—everything. One feels it, breathes it, eats it, drinks it—and hates it all the time. The finest particles even penetrate the pores of the skin, setting up a distressing irritation.

There are certain rules about the behavior of sandstorms that every Bedouin knows. The wind that makes the storm will rise with the day or go to sleep with the sun. There will be no sandstorm at night, when there is a moon, and a sandstorm never links afternoon and evening.

These are excellent rules; but on our trek to Jalo every one of them was broken! We had little storms and great storms—the worst I had yet seen—storms that were short and storms that were long; storms by day and storms by night. Even under this interminable bombardment, however, I did not lose the spell of the desert's charm.

Sometimes at evening, when we had been battling doggedly against the flying squadrons of the sand for hours, the wind would stop dead, as if a master had put up a peremptory finger. Then for an hour or so the fine dust would settle slowly down like a falling mist. Afterwards the moon would rise, and under the pale magic of its flooding light, the desert would take on an aspect of wonderful beauty.

A Boy's Essay on Ducks.

The teacher had asked every pupil to write an essay or composition on ducks. One boy worked long and perspiringly on his essay, then handed his teacher the following article:

"The duck is a low, underslung, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat, bill, and feathers. His head rests on one end and he sets on the other. There is no space between his toes, and he carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking. The duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gear that they come near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big are called drakes. Drakes do not have to set or hatch; they just loaf, go swimming, and eat. If I had to be a duck I would rather be a drake every time. Ducks do not give milk, but eggs."

Clasp Knives.

Clasp or spring knives became common about 1650. They first came from Flanders, which was the seat of many and varied industries even during many years before this time. A knife-cleaning machine was invented in 1844 by George Kent of England.

Peculiar Hawaiian Flowers.

It is known that upon many of the summits of the high mountain ridges of the Hawaiian islands, in the regions of heavy rainfall, are open bogs which support a peculiar and interesting flora. Many species form more or less hemispherical tussocks which rise above the general level of the bog. A showy lobelia with numerous large cream-colored flowers as much as three and a half inches long, peculiar violets and a sundew are found there.

THE V.C. OF INDUSTRY

AWARDED TO WORKERS FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY.

Heroic Tales of How Men Risk Their Lives for the Sake of Others—The Greater Love—One After Another Three Make Attempt at Rescue.

Henry Dobinson was employed at the explosive works of Curtis & Harvey, Ltd., near Cliffe, in Kent, England.

One May morning, in 1911, just after Dobinson left the nitro-glycerine filtering house, the air was rent by a shattering report, and what a moment before had been the scene of well-ordered workshops and yards became a raging inferno.

Dobinson had been hurled to the ground. As he rose he saw a sight that might well have made the bravest man quail and flee for his life.

Within a few yards of him ran the gun-cotton track worked on the endless chain principle. It had come to a standstill and had caught fire, and tongues of flame were dancing down it. Gun-cotton might cause an explosion that would wipe out of existence any person near the track.

Dobinson was about to flee for his life when he heard a cry. The cry came from a man beneath the track. Without an instant's hesitation Dobinson went down underneath the track to attempt to rescue a co-worker, in face of the most appalling danger.

The man beneath the track was held down by a plank. For five minutes Dobinson toiled at the plank until he managed to pull it off the injured man. By this time help was at hand.

Six months later Dobinson duly received the V.C. of Industry from the hands of the King.

The engineer to the Tilehurst, Pangbourne, and District Water Company arrived one morning at the works, and, accompanied by Edward Aitken, a foreman, went to inspect a pair of pumps situate about midway down a well shaft eighty feet in depth.

Just below the pumps was a staging consisting of a ten-inch plank running across the shaft. As the engineer was crossing it the plank snapped in two, and he fell thirty-four feet on to an old staging.

As he fell he managed to grasp an iron bar. As long as he could hold on to this he was safe, but it was obvious that in his exhausted and injured state he could not hold on for long.

Aitken at once proceeded to the engineer's assistance.

To get to the injured man he had to make his way down an old iron ladder covered with slithering mud and with several rungs missing.

This ladder ended about eight feet above the old staging, to reach which Aitken had to crawl down the sheer sides of the shaft, his only foot or hand hold being odd old bolts. A slip meant a terrible death for him; but he reached the staging in safety, and in a few seconds stood by the engineer.

He was just in time. The engineer's strength was exhausted. Aitken helped him on to a ledge, where he was safe for the moment. Aitken then made his way up to the top of the shaft, where he quickly got a rescuing party, and in less than half an hour the engineer was safely landed at the top of the shaft.

The records of the Edward Medal contain no greater tragedy than the story of how three men perished in a gallant attempt to save the lives of their comrades.

On a warm summer day in August, 1917, salvage operations were being carried out on the steamship Great City, a grain boat that had been damaged by a German torpedo. The water in the hold was being pumped from the ship when a stevedore on deck noted that some pieces of wood were drifting towards the pumps. In spite of the fact that the workers had been expressly warned against going down into the hold because of the poisonous fumes, he went down the ladder to take out the pieces of wood.

His action was well intentioned, but it led quickly to a terrible tragedy. He reached the bottom of the ladder, stooped down, and picked the pieces of wood out of the water. Then he suddenly collapsed and fell into the water and sank.

A man named Anderson came on deck just as his mate disappeared, and, instantly guessing what had happened, went to his help.

Anderson reached the water in safety, made one desperate effort to rescue his unconscious mate, when he also was overcome by the poisonous fumes and sank in three feet of water. Two men named Tierney and Gale had witnessed the collapse of Anderson. They at once fetched a rope, and Gale, looping one end of it round his waist, went down to the hold. Tierney held the other end of the rope.

Gale perished even quicker than his two mates. He had barely reached the last rung of the ladder when, with a cry, he threw up his arms and fell insensible into the water, the rope slipped over his head as he did so.

And then Tierney, without a moment's hesitation, went down to the hold to meet what he must have known meant certain death.

So ended this heroic tale of how three men lost their own lives in a heroic effort to save the life of another. The V.C. of Industry was awarded to them in due course and bestowed on their nearest relatives.

The Edward Medal is also bestowed on workers in the Dominions.

London's Traffic.

Thirteen years ago 125,000 tons of traffic passed by the "Elephant and Castle," London, eevry year. To-day the amount has swollen to 155,000 tons. Traffic at Hyde Park Corner has grown from 99,000 tons in 1912 to 140,000 tons; at Trafalgar Square from 85,000 to 127,000; and at Piccadilly Circus from 92,000 to 117,000.

Next.

"It may seem a little strange, said the facetious feller, "but ice is a lot smoother before it is shaved."

Dumas Phenomenal Writer.

The elder Dumas, in one phenomenal year, actually turned out volumes at the rate of one a week.

Daily Thought.

That inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude.—Wordsworth.

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A RIVER OF MYSTERIES

SECRETS AND DRAMAS OF THE THAMES' POLICE.

London Writer Tells Story of Work of River Police—Their Job Is Difficult and Arduous—Patrol Thirty-Six Miles.

"Some people think the River Police are a branch of the Royal Navy," said one of these hale and hearty watermen. "When the penny steamer boats went up and down the Thames, they thought we were the crew! Actually, we are a branch of the Metropolitan Police Force. When our force was first formed, it was got together by the East India Company in the same sort of way that the insurance companies formed the old London Salvage Corps. Rich merchants, whose property was stored in wharves, and shipowners with boats worth many thousands of pounds, paid our wages. That was somewhere about 1780."

About eighty years ago, however, the authorities recognized that the job was so important that they took over the river police and joined them up with London's ordinary constabulary force; with them, they took over thirty-one cutlasses, fifty-five large flint pistols, five blunderbusses, and some rattles and handcuffs! They only use the handcuffs now; and they are of a newer kind.

The merchandise passing through the Port of London usually totals over $3,000,000,000 in a year. From this store, the merchants lost, in eight years, over a century ago, goods worth no less than $50,000,000! The duty of combating the efforts of thieves and smugglers was too important to be left to private hands. In the old warehouses and abandoned wharves criminals hid by the dozen. All along the river there were dens and haunts full of the scum of London. Fights with river pirates—they once numbered over 2,000—were as dangerous as those which the race gangs now wage. The valuables in the Pool of London were their prey, and two different gangs fought each other, as do the race gangs now, whenever they were not fighting law and order.

The river police, says Hannen Swaffer in Tit-Bits, came from the longshoremen of the Thames. They were hardy, brave men, and although, when they began, horrible murders were common, the gangs were disbanded and broken up gradually. Now, boasts London, the Thames is policed like Piccadilly. In one recent year, the total reported thefts were as small as $500!

"We live like men at sea," said an old river guardian. "We have watches, and we do patrols just like destroyers round the ocast."

And they have strange stories to tell.

One night, a small yacht was making towards the open sea, looking ordinary enough until a passing skipper gave a hail. As there was no reply to his continuous calls, the skipper lowered a boat to make enquiries, only to find no sign of life above stairs; but, below, seated around a table in the cabin, were the bodies of four men—all dead! Between them was a half-eaten meal; but there was no clue as to why they died, or how.

During the war the Thames police had to seize enemy vessels directly hostilities began. They then started policing the captured ships, supervising the landing of aliens; and all along the river they had to watch for illicit signalling and the use of wireless telegraphy by spies.

Through the air raids, their duties were doubled; and, whenever there was an explosion on the riverside—some of them were attended by great loss of life—the river police had to take the dead to the mortuary and the injured to hospital. Compared with that, two of their little peacetime jobs, watching the race for Dogget's Coat and Badge, and guarding the Houses of Parliament, are pleasant pastimes.

Not long ago, Abraham Jackson, formerly Master of the Essex Staghounds, and the owner of £50,000, was found dead in the Thames at Rotherhithe with marks of a blow on the back of the head. He had lived for two years at the Grand Hotel, Northumberland avenue, a recluse, one of London's mystery men. Then he borrowed a one-pound note—and went out to die. It was a river policeman who picked him up.

Three months later, a young Camberwell girl was found floating in the Thames near Temple Pier. For days, detectives and amateur investigators by the score had scoured the neighborhood of her home. All that was known was that, after going to Holy Communion in the morning, she spent the day playing with her baby niece, went to buy some sweets, and was never seen again alive. "A funny old man has been following me about," she had said the day before. That was all. The river police found her, days afterwards, in the Thames.

A young machinist, of Ealing, drowned herself in the Thames not long ago, near Vauxhall Gas Works. "I have decided to end my own life," she wrote in a letter she left. "It is the only way out of it. Oh, how I have tried to battle against the delusions; but that dreadful voice in my brain kept talking till it made me desperate." The river police gathered up her body. Usually, a hundred bodies are picked up in a year. The parish in which the corpse is found pays five shillings each time; and this is divided among the crew that makes the discovery.

Why is it that the Thames attracts so many suicides? When desperately unhappy people walk along the Embankment, or across one of the bridges, I suppose the glitter of the lights in the windows of the big hotels, the suggestion of luxury and comfort inside, dazzles them and drives them, in frantic abandon, into the dark and gloomy waters.

Waterloo Bridge is the favorite one for suicides; it is the one from which most of London's contracting luxury and gloominess is seen.

ANCIENT MAYAS.

Relics of This Ancient Civilization Are Now In British Museum.

Relics of the ancient Maya civilization, to the number of about 200, which were unearthed recently by Mr. F. A. Mitchell Hedges, the explorer in the hitherto unknown interior of British Honduras, are now in the British Museum in London.

Most of them are fragmentary examples of pottery. Among them is a miniature head of a smiling man which might have been modelled today, so strikingly "modern" is its spirit.

Another is a representation of the Jaguar god of the Mayas, shaped as a whistle. The jaguar was a sacred animal, and was supposed to have certain astronomical associations. The Mayas, it has been proved, possessed great astronomical and mathematical knowledge. Mr. T. A. Joyce, Keeper of the Ethnological Department of the British Museum, said to a London reporter:

"There is no doubt, in my mind, that the discovery by Mr. Mitchell Hedges and his companions of the ancient Maya city of Lubaantun, in British Honduras, constitutes one of the most important archaeological events of the age.

"The earliest date we know in connection with the Maya civilization has been calculated to be October 14, B.C. 3373, but the history of the Maya race is still shrouded in mystery.

"It appears from the character of his finds, however, that Mr. Mitchell Hedges may well succeed in bringing to light data about the Mayas' lost civilization which may enable us at last to solve a great mystery, for the beginnings of the Mayas are rooted in mystery.

"Among the finds he has brought to the museums is a pottered die which suggests that printing was not unknown to the Mayas, and it is certain that they produced pottery with moulds."

The Turkey.

There are some who claim that the turkey came from Mexico. Both the Mexican wild bird and our barnyard turkey have a creamy white on the tips of the tail feathers and on the feathers overlying the base of the tail. The wild turkey of the East is a decided chestnut brown. Very often a domesticated bird will appear very like its Mexican granddad, several times removed, except for a greater development of the fatty lobes of head and neck.

There are others who tell us that when the Spaniards made their conquest of Mexico they found at Montezuma a fine zoological garden. In it were nearly all the native birds and animals, with many gathered from afar. Strutting about were the ancestors of our domestic turkey. The zoo birds were domesticated. In the outlying country there were many wild brothers and sisters of these birds. Before the first quarter of a century was over some of the domestic birds had been transplanted to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, where they were kept by colonists. By 1540 the turkey had made its way to England, and thirty years later was in high favor as the Christmas dish of the English farmer.

The Way of the Fool.

A fool is one who goes through life with his eyes open, but sees not the things his eyes were intended to see. Instead of passing to one side of trouble, he bumps into it, runs headlong into brambles and gets stuck in mire. And sometimes he walks right into the arms of fortune or happens to be Johnny on the spot when favors are being distributed. But his streaks of luck are so thin as compared with the thickness of his worries and disappointments that they seem to be hardly worth considering.

Fish With Movable Teeth.

Some fish move their teeth to facilitate the absorption of their prey. Their stomachs have an almost infinite capacity. One specimen caught contained inside it a fish three times its own normal size. There was one extraordinary species which had developed bone to form a complete fishing rod, to which was attached a long line, and then a bait, and then actual fish hooks. Others had developed rows upon rows of teeth, and apparently the prey was passed on from row to row until it was engulfed in the stomach.

S

The Cross-Cut

By

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Illustrations by R. B. Van Nice

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CHAPTER I.

It was over. The rambling house, with its rickety, old-fashioned furniture—and its memories—was now deserted, except for Robert Fairchild, and he was deserted within it, wandering from room to room staring at familiar objects with the unfamiliar gaze of one whose vision suddenly has been warped by the visitation of death and the sense of loneliness that it brings.

Loneliness, rather than grief, for it had been Robert Fairchild's promise that he would not suffer in heart for one who had longed to go into a peace for which he had waited, seemingly in vain. Year after year, Thornton Fairchild had sat in the big armchair by the windows, watching the days grow old and fade into night, studying sunset after sunset, voicing the vain hope that the gloaming might bring the twilight of his own existence—a silent man except for this, rarely speaking of the past, never giving to the son who worked for him, cared for him, worshiped him, the slightest inkling of what might have happened in the dim days of the long ago to transform him into a beaten thing, longing for the final surcease. And when the end came, it found him in readiness, waiting in the big armchair by the windows. Even now, a book lay on the frayed carpeting of the old room, where it had fallen from relaxing fingers. Robert Fairchild picked it up, and with a sigh restored it to the grim, fumed oak case. His days of petty sacrifices that his father might while away the weary hours with reading were over.

What had been the past? Why the silence? Why the patient, yet impatient wait for death? The son did not know. In all his memories was only one faint picture, painted years before in babyhood: the return of his father from some place, he knew not where, a long conference with his mother behind closed doors, while he, in childlike curiosity, waited without, seeking in vain to catch some explanation. Then a sad-faced woman who cried at night when the house was still, who faded and who died. That was all. The picture carried no explanation.

And now Robert Fairchild stood on the threshold of something he almost feared to learn. Once, on a black, stormy night, they had sat together, father and son before the fire, silent for hours. Then the hand of the white-haired man had reached outward and rested for a moment on the young man's knee.

"I wrote something to you, Boy, a day or so ago," he had said. "That little illness I had prompted me to do it. I—I thought it was only fair to you. After I'm gone, look in the safe. You'll find the combination on a piece of paper hidden in a hole cut in that old European history in the bookcase. I have your promise, I know—that you'll not do it until after I'm gone."

Now Thornton Fairchild was gone. But a message had remained behind; one which the patient lips evidently had feared to utter during life. The heart of the son began to pound, slow and hard, as, with the memory of that conversation, he turned toward the bookcase and unlatched the paneled door. A moment more and the hollowed history had given up its trust, a bit of paper scratched with numbers. Robert Fairchild turned toward the stairs and the small room on the second floor which had served as his father's bedroom.

There he hesitated before the little iron safe in the corner, summoning the courage to unlock the doors of a dead man's past.

The safe had not been opened in years; that was evident from the creaking of the plungers as they fell, the gummy resistance of the knob as Fairchild turned it in accordance with the directions on the paper. Finally, a great wrench, and the bolt was drawn grudgingly back; a strong pull, and the safe opened.

Fairchild crouched for a moment, staring, before he reached for the thinner of two envelopes which lay before him. A moment later he straightened and turned toward the light. A crinkling of paper, a quick-drawn sigh between clenched teeth; it was a letter; his strange, quiet, hunted-appearing father was talking to him through the medium of ink and paper, after death. He read:

"My Son:

"Before I begin this letter to you I must ask that you take no action whatever until you have seen my attorney—he will be yours from now on. I have never mentioned him to you before; it was not necessary and would only have brought you curiosity which I could not have satisfied. But now, I am afraid, the doors must be unlocked. I am gone. You are young, you have been a faithful son and you are deserving of every good fortune that may possibly come to you. I am praying that the years have made a difference, and that Fortune may smile upon you as she frowned on me. Certainly, she can injure me no longer. My race is run; I am beyond earthly fortunes.

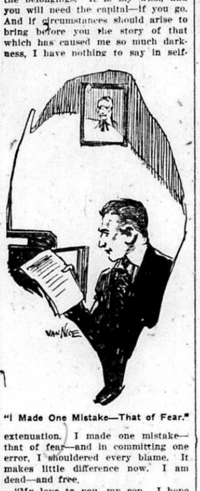
"Therefore, when you have finished with this, take the deeds inclosed in the larger envelope and go to St. Louis. There, look up Henry F. Beamish, attorney-at-law, in the Princess building. He will explain them to you.

"Beyond this, I fear, there is little that can aid you. I cannot find the strength, now that I face it, to tell you what you may find if you follow the lure that the other envelope holds forth to you.

"There is always the hope that Fortune may be kind to me at last, and smile upon my memory by never letting you know why I have been the sort of man you have known, and not the jovial, genial companion that a father should be. But there are certain things, my son, which defeat a man. Therefore is it not better that it remain behind a cloud until such time as Fortune may reveal it—and hope that such a time will never come? I think so—not for myself, for when you read this, I shall be gone; but for you, that you may not be handicapped by the knowledge of the thing which whitened my hair and aged me, long before my time.

"If he lives, and I am sure he does, there is one who will hurry to your aid as soon as he knows you need him. Accept his counsels, laugh at his little eccentricities if you will, but follow his judgment implicitly. Above all, ask him no questions that he does not care to answer—there are things that he may not deem wise to tell. It is only fair that he be given the right to choose his disclosures.

"There is little more to say. Beamish will attend to everything for you—if you care to go. Sell everything that is here: the house, the furniture, the belongings. It is my wish, and you will need the capital—if you go. And if circumstances should arise to bring before you the story of that which has caused me so much darkness, I have nothing to say in self-extenuation. I made one mistake—that of fear—and in committing one error, I shouldered every blame. It makes little difference now. I am dead—and free.



"I Made One Mistake—That of Fear."

"My love to you, my son. I hope that wealth and happiness await you. Blood of my blood flows in your veins—and strange though it may sound to you—it is the blood of an adventurer. They say, once in the blood, it never dies. My wish is that you succeed where I failed—and God be with you!

"YOUR FATHER."

For a long moment Robert Fairchild stood staring at the letter, his heart pounding with excitement, his hands grasping the foolscap paper as though with a desire to tear through the shield which the written words had formed about a mysterious past and disclose that which was so effectively hidden. So much had the letter told—and yet so little! Dark had been the hints of some mysterious, intangible thing, great enough in its horror and its far-reaching consequences to cause death for one who had known of it and a living panic for him who had perpetrated it. In that super-calmness which accompanies great agitation, Fairchild folded the paper, placed it in its envelope, then slipped it into an inside pocket. A few steps and he was before the safe once more and reaching for the second envelope.

Heavy and bulky was this, filled with tax receipts, with plats and blueprints and the reports of surveyors.

Here was an assay slip, bearing figures and notations which Robert Fairchild could not understand, then a legal document, sealed and stamped, and bearing the words:

County of Clear Creek, } ss.
State of Colorado. }

DEED PATENT.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That on this day of our Lord, February 22, 1892, Thornton W. Fairchild, having presented the necessary affidavits and statements of assessments accomplished in accordance with—

On it trailed in endless legal phraseology, telling in muddled, attorney-like language, the fact that the law had been fulfilled in its requirements, and that the claim for which Thornton Fairchild had worked was rightfully his, forever. Fairchild reached for the age-yellowed envelope to return the papers to their resting place. But he checked his motion involuntarily and for a moment held the envelope before him, staring at it with wide eyes. Then, as though to free by the stronger light of the window the haunting thing which faced him, he rose and hurried across the room, to better light, only to find it had not been imagination; the words still were before him, a sentence written in faint, faded ink proclaiming the contents to be "Papers Relating to the Blue Poppy Mine," and written across this a word in the bolder, harsher strokes of a man under stress of emotion, a word which held the eyes of Robert Fairchild fixed and staring, a word which spelled books of the past and evil threats of the future, the single, ominous word:

"ACCURSED!"

CHAPTER II.

In spite of all that omens could foretell, in spite of the dull, gloomy life which had done its best to fashion a matter-of-fact brain for Robert Fairchild, one sentence in that letter had found an echo, had started a pulsating something within him that he never before had known:

"—It is the blood of an adventurer."

And it seemed that Robert Fairchild needed no more than the knowledge to feel the tingle of it; the old house suddenly became stuffy and prisonlike as he wandered through it. Again and again pounded through his head the fact that only a night of travel intervened between Indianapolis and St. Louis; within twelve hours he could be in the office of Henry Beamish. And then—

A hurried resolution. A hasty packing of a traveling bag and the cashing of a check at the cigar store down on the corner. A wakeful night while the train clattered along upon its journey. At last:

"I'm Robert Fairchild," he said, as he faced a white-haired, Cupid-faced man in the rather dingy offices in the Princess building. A slow smile spread over the pudgy features of the genial-appearing attorney, and he waved a fat hand toward the office's extra chair.

"Sit down, Son," came casually. "Needn't have announced yourself. I'd have known you—just like your father, Boy. How is he?" Then his face suddenly sobered. "I'm afraid your presence is the answer. Am I right?"

Fairchild nodded gravely. The old attorney stared out of the window to the grimy roof and signboards of the next building.

"Perhaps it's better so," he said at last. "Did he get any cheerier before—he went?"

"No. Afraid of every step on the veranda, of every knock at the door."

Again the attorney stared out of the window.

"And you? Are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

The lawyer smiled.

"I don't know. Only—" and he leaned forward—"it's just as though I were living my younger days over again this morning. It doesn't seem any time at all since your father was sitting just about where you are now, and gad, Boy, how much you look like he looked that morning! The same gray-blue eyes, the same dark hair, the same strong shoulders, and good, manly chin, the same build—and look of determination about him. The call of adventure was in his blood, and he sat there all enthusiastic, telling me what he intended doing and asking my advice—although he wouldn't have followed it if I had given it. Back home was a baby and the woman he loved, and out West was sudden wealth, waiting for the right man to come along and find it. Gad!" White-haired old Beamish chuckled with the memory of it. "Then four years later," the tone changed suddenly, "he came back."

"What then?" Fairchild was on the edge of his chair. But Beamish only spread his hands.

"Truthfully, Boy, I don't know. I have guessed—but I won't tell you what. All I know is that your father found what he was looking for and was on the point of achieving his every dream, when something happened. Then three men simply disappeared from the mining camp, announcing that they had failed and were going to hunt new diggings. That was all. One of them was your father—"

"But you said that he'd found—"

"Silver, running twenty ounces to the ton on an eight-inch vein which gave evidences of being only the beginning of a bonanza! I know, because he had written me that, a month before."

"And he abandoned it?"

"He'd forgotten what he had written when I saw him again. I didn't question him. He went home then, after giving me enough money to pay the taxes on the mine for the next twenty years, simply as his attorney and without divulging his whereabouts. I did it. Eight years or so later I saw him in Indianapolis. He gave me more money—enough for eleven or twelve years—"

"And that was ten years ago?" Robert Fairchild's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—I was only a kid. He sold off everything he had, except the house."

Henry Beamish walked to his safe and fumbled there a moment, to return at last with a few slips of paper.

"Here's the answer," he said quietly, "the taxes are paid until 1922."

Robert Fairchild studied the receipts carefully—futilely. They told him nothing. The lawyer stood looking down upon him; at last he laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Boy," came quickly, "I know just about what you're thinking. I've spent a few hours at the same kind of a job myself, and I've called old Henry Beamish more kinds of a fool than you can think of for not coming right out flat-footed and making Thornton tell me the whole story. But some way when I'd look into those eyes with the fire all dead and ashen within them, and see the lines of an old man in his young face, I just couldn't do it!"

"So you can tell me nothing?"

"I'm afraid that's true—in one way. In another I'm a fund of information. Tonight you and I will go to Indianapolis and probate the will—it's simple enough; I've had it in my safe for ten years. After that, you become the owner of the Blue Poppy mine, to do with as you choose."

"But—"

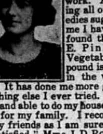
"Don't ask my advice, Boy. I haven't any. Your father told me what to do if you decided to try your luck—and silver's at $1.29. It means a lot of money for anybody who can produce pay ore—unless what he said about the mine pinching out was true."

Again the thrill of a new thing went through Robert Fairchild's veins, something he never had felt until twelve hours before; again the urge for strange places, new scenes, the fire of the hunt after the hidden wealth of silver-seamed hills. Robert Fairchild's life had been a plodding thing of books and accounts, of high desks which as yet had failed to stoop his shoulders, of stuffy offices which had been thwarted so far in their grip at his lung power; the long walk in the morning and the tired trudge homeward at night. But the recoil had not exerted itself against an office-cramped brain, a dusty ledger-filled life that suddenly felt itself crying out for the free, open country, without hardly knowing what the term meant.

COULD NOT DO HOUSEWORK

Woman Suffered until Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Charles, Quebec.—"I was married three years and had no children. I was always troubled with pains in the abdomen and was not able to do my housework. After trying all other remedies suggested to me I have at last found that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best in the world for me. It has done me more good than anything else I ever tried. I am well now and able to do my housework and care for my family. I recommend it to my friends as I am sure they will be satisfied."—Mme. J. D. ROBICHAUD, St. Charles, Co. Bellechasse, Que.



Nervous and Run-down

Hamilton, Ont.—"I was nervous and run-down, and always had a tired feeling and no appetite. I jumped at every sound and was always low spirited. My worst symptom was depression and I was this way for several months. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have taken it for three months and am very much better and can work around more. I feel like another woman."—Mrs. P. L. GUY, 98 Tuxedo Ave. No., Hamilton, Ont. C

Old Beamish caught the light in the eyes, the quick contraction of the hands, and smiled.

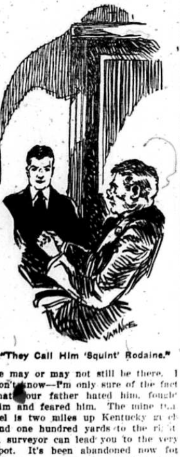
"You don't need to tell me, Son," he said slowly. "I can see the symptoms. You've got the fever—you're going back to work that mine. Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders, "it's just as well. But there are certain things to remember."

"Name them."

"Ohadi is thirty-eight miles from Denver. That's your goal. Out there, they'll tell you how the mine caved in, and how Thornton Fairchild, who had worked it, together with his two men, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, and 'Sissie' Larsen, Swede, left town late one night for Cripple Creek—and that they never came back. That's the story they'll tell you. Agree with it. Tell them that Harkins, as far as you know, went back to Cornwall, and that you have heard vaguely that Larsen later followed the mining game farther out west."

"Is it the truth?"

"How do I know? It's good enough—people shouldn't ask questions. Tell nothing more than that—and be careful of your friends. There is one man to watch—if he is still alive. They call him 'Squint' Rodaine, and he may or may not still be there. I don't know—I'm only sure of the fact that your father hated him, fought him and feared him. The mine tunnel is two miles up Kentucky gulch and one hundred yards to the right. A surveyor can lead you to the very spot. It's been abandoned now for thirty years. What you'll find there is more than I can guess. But, Boy," and his hand clenched tight on Robert Fairchild's shoulder, "whatever you do, whatever you run into, whatever friends or enemies you find awaiting you, don't let that light die out of your eyes and don't pull in that chin! If you find a fight on your hands, whether it's man, beast or nature, sail into it! If you run into things that cut your very heart out to learn—beat 'em down and keep going! And win! There—that's all the advice I know. Meet me at the 11:10 train for Indianapolis. Goodby!"



"They Call Him 'Squint' Rodaine."

"Goodby—I'll be there." Fairchild grasped the pudgy hand and left the office. For a moment afterward, old Henry Beamish stood thinking and looking out over the dingy roof adjacent. Then, somewhat absently, he pressed the ancient electric button for his more ancient stenographer.

"Call a messenger, please," he ordered when she entered, "I want to send a cablegram."

CHAPTER III

Three weeks later, Robert Fairchild sat in the smoking compartment of the Overland Limited, looking at the Rocky mountains in the distance. In his pocket were a few hundred dollars; in the bank in Indianapolis a few thousand, representing the final proceeds of the sale of everything that had connected him with a rather dreary past. Out before him—

Three weeks had created a metamorphosis in what had been a plodding, matter-of-fact man with dreams which did not extend beyond his ledgers and his gloomy home—but now a man leaning his head against the window of a rushing train, staring ahead toward the Rockies and the rainbow they held for him. Back to the place where his father had gone with dreams aglow was the son traveling now—back into the rumpled mountains where the blue haze hung low and protecting as though over mysteries and treasures which awaited one man and one alone. It thrilled Fairchild, it caused his heart to tug and pull—nor could he tell exactly why.

The hills came closer. Still closer; then, when it seemed that the train must plunge straight into them, they drew away again, as though through some optical illusion, and brooded in the background, as the long, transcontinental train began to bang over the frogs and switches as it made its entrance into Denver. Fairchild went through the long chute and to a ticket window.

"When can I get a train for Ohadi?"

The ticket seller smiled. "You can't get one."

"But the map shows that a railroad runs there—"

"Ran there, you mean," chaffed the clerk. "The best you can do is to get to Forks Creek and walk the rest of the way. That's a narrow-gauge line, and Clear creek's been on a rampage. It took out about two hundred feet of trestle, and there won't be a train into Ohadi for a week. Stranger out here?"

"Very much of one."

"In a hurry to get to Ohadi?"

"Yes."

"Then you can go uptown and hire a taxi—they've got big cars for mountain work and there are good roads all the way. It'll cost fifteen or twenty dollars. Or—"

Fairchild smiled. "Give me the other system if you've got one. I'm not terribly long on cash—for taxis."

"Certainly. No use spending that money if you've got a little pep, and it isn't a matter of life or death. Go up to the Central loop—anybody can direct you—and catch a street car for Golden. That eats up fifteen miles and leaves just twenty-three miles more. Then ask somebody to point out the road over Mount Lookout. Machines go along there every few minutes—no trouble at all to catch a ride. You'll be in Ohadi in no time."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, and in the baggage room rechecked his trunk to follow him, lightening his traveling bag at the same time until it carried only necessities. A luncheon, then the street car. Three quarters of an hour later, he began the five-mile trudge up the broad, smooth, carefully groomed automobile highway which masters Mount Lookout. A rumbling sound behind him, then he stepped to one side, a grimy truck driver leaned out to shout as he passed:

"Want a lift? Hop on! Can't stop—too much grade."

A running leap, and Fairchild seated himself on the tailboard of the truck, swinging his legs and looking out over the fading plains as the truck roared and clattered upward along the twisting mountain road.

Upward, still upward! The town below became merely a checkerboard thing, the lake a dot of gleaming silver, the stream a scintillating ribbon stretching off into the foothills. A turn, and they skirted a tremendous valley, its slopes falling away in sheer descents from the roadway. A darkened, moist stretch of road, fringed by pines, then a jogging journey over rolling table-land. At last came a voice from the driver's seat.

"Turn off up here at Genesee mountain. Which way do you go?"

"Trying to get to Ohadi." Fairchild shouted it, above the roar of the engine. The driver waved a hand forward.

"Keep to the main road. Drop off when I make the turn."

"Thanks for the lift."

"Aw, forget it."

The truck wheeled from the main road and chugged away, leaving Fairchild afoot, making as much progress as possible toward his goal until good fortune should bring a swifter means of locomotion. Suddenly he wheeled. Behind him sounded the swift droning of a motor, cut-out open, as it rushed forward along the road—and the noise told a story of speed.

Far at the brow of a steep hill it appeared, seeming to hang in space for an instant before leaping downward. Rushing, plunging, once skidding dangerously at a small curve, it made the descent, bumped over a bridge, was lost for a second in the pines, then sped toward him, a big touring car, with a small, resolute figure clinging to the wheel. Then, with a report like a revolver shot, the machine suddenly slewed in drunken fashion far to one side of the road, hung dangerously over the steep cliff an instant, righted itself, swayed forward and stopped, barely twenty-five yards away. Staring, Robert Fairchild saw that a small, trim figure had leaped forth and was waving excitedly to him, and he ran forward.

His first glance had proclaimed it a boy; the second had told a different story. A girl—dressed in far different fashion from Robert Fairchild's limited specifications of feminine garb—she caused him to gasp in surprise, then to stop and stare. Again she waved a hand and stamped a foot excitedly; a vehement little thing in a snug whipcord riding habit and a checkered cap pulled tight over closely braided hair, she awaited him with all the impatience of impetuous womanhood.

"For goodness' sake, come here!" she called, as he still stood gaping. "I'll give you five dollars. Hurry!"

Fairchild managed to voice the fact that he would be willing to help without remuneration, as he hurried forward. She dived for the tonneau, jerking with all her strength at the heavy seat cushion, as he stepped to the running board beside her.

"Can't get this dinged thing up!" she panted. "Always sticks when you're in a hurry. That's it! Jerk it. Thanks! Here!" She reached forward and a small, sun-tanned hand grasped a greasy jack. "Slide under the back axle and put this jack in place, will you? And rush it! I've got to change a tire in nothing flat! Hurry!"

Fairchild, almost before he knew it, found himself under the rear of the car, fussing with a refractory lifting jack and trying to keep his eyes from the view of trimly clad, brown-shod little feet, as they pattered about at the side of the car, hurried to the running board, then stopped as wrenches and a hammer clattered to the ground. Then one shoe was raised, to press tight against a wheel; metal touched metal, a feminine gasp sounded as strength was exerted in vain, then eddying dust as the foot stamped, accompanied by an exasperated ejaculation.

"Ding these old lugs! They're rusted! Got that jack in place yet?"

"Yes! I'm raising the car now."

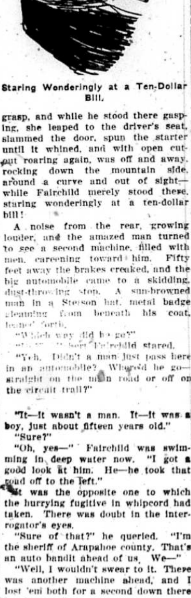
"Oh, please hurry." There was pleading in the tone now. "Please!"

The car creaked upward. Out came Fairchild, brushing the dust from his clothes. But already the girl was pressing the lug wrench into his hands.

"Don't mind that dirt," came her exclamation. "I'll—I'll give you some extra money to get your suit cleaned. Loosen those lugs, while I get the spare tire off the back. And for goodness' sake, please hurry!"

Astonishment had taken away speech for Fairchild. He could only wonder—and obey, while behind him a girl in whipcord riding habit and close-pulled cap fidgeted first on one tan-clad foot, then on the other, anxiously watching the road behind her and calling constantly for speed.

At last the job was finished, the girl fastening the useless shoe behind the machine while Fairchild tightened the last of the lugs. Then as he straightened, a small figure shot to his side, took the wrench from his hand and sent it, with the other tools, clattering into the tonneau. A tiny hand went into a pocket, something that crinkled was shoved into the man's grasp, and while he stood there gasping, she leaped to the driver's seat, slammed the door, spun the starter until it whined, and with open cut-out roaring again, was off and away, rocking down the mountain side, around a curve and out of sight—while Fairchild merely stood there, staring wonderingly at a ten-dollar bill!



Staring Wonderingly at a Ten-Dollar Bill.

A noise from the rear, growing louder, and the amazed man turned to see a second machine, filled with men, careening toward him. Fifty feet away the brakes creaked, and the big automobile came to a skidding, dust-throwing stop. A sun-browned man in a Stetson hat, metal badge gleaming from beneath his coat, leaned forth.

"Which way did he go?"

"[illegible]" Robert Fairchild stared.

"Yeh. Didn't a man just pass here in an automobile? Where'd he go—straight on the main road or off on the circuit trail?"

"It—it wasn't a man. It—it was a boy, just about fifteen years old."

"Sure?"

"Oh, yes—" Fairchild was swimming in deep water now. "I got a good look at him. He—he took that road off to the left."

It was the opposite one to which the hurrying fugitive in whipcord had taken. There was doubt in the interrogator's eyes.

"Sure of that?" he queried. "I'm the sheriff of Arapahoe county. That's an auto bandit ahead of us. We—"

"Well, I wouldn't swear to it. There was another machine ahead, and I lost 'em both for a second down there by the turn."

"Probably him, all right." The voice came from the tonneau. "Maybe he figured to give us the slip and get back to Denver."

"Let's go!" The sheriff was pressing a foot on the accelerator. Down the hill went the car, to skid, then to make a short turn on to the road which led away from the scent, leaving behind a man standing in the middle of the road, staring at a ten-dollar bill—and wondering why he had lied!

CHAPTER IV

Wonderment which got nowhere. The sheriff's car returned before Fairchild reached the bottom of the grade, and again stopped to survey the scene of defeat.

"Dangerous character?" Fairchild hardly knew why he asked the question. The sheriff smiled grimly.

"If it was the fellow we were after, he was plenty dangerous. We were trailing him on word from Denver—described the car and said he'd pulled a daylight hold-up on a pay-wagon for the Smelter company—so when the car went through Golden, we took up the trail a couple of blocks behind. He kept the same speed for a little while until one of my deputies got a little anxious and took a shot at a tire. Man, how he turned on the juice! I thought that thing was a jack rabbit, the way it went up the hill! I guess it's us back to the office."

The automobile went its way then, and Fairchild his, still wondering. And so thoroughly did the incident engross him that it was not until a truck had come to a full stop behind him, and a driver mingled a shout with the tooting of his horn, that he turned to allow its passage.

"Didn't hear you, old man," he apologized. "Could you give a fellow a lift?"

"Guess so." It was friendly, even though a bit disgruntled; "hop on."

And Fairchild hopped, once more to sit on the tailboard, swinging his legs, but this time his eyes saw the ever-changing scenery without noticing it. In spite of himself, Fairchild found himself constantly staring at a vision of a pretty girl in a riding habit, with dark-brown hair straying about equally dark-brown eyes, almost frenzied in her efforts to change a tire in time to elude a pursuing sheriff. Someway, it all didn't blend. If she hadn't committed some sort of depredation against the law, why on earth was she willing to part with ten dollars, merely to save a few moments in changing a tire and thus elude a sheriff? If there had been nothing wrong, could not a moment of explanation have satisfied anyone of the fact?

It was too much for anyone, and Fairchild knew it. Yet he clung grimly to the mystery as the truck clattered on, mile after mile. A small town gradually was coming into view. A mile more, then the truck stopped with a jerk.

"Where you bound for, pardner?"

"Ohadi."

"That's it, straight ahead. I turn off here. Miner?"

Fairchild shrugged his shoulders and nodded noncommittally.

"Just thought I'd ask. Plenty of work around here for single and double jackers. Things are beginning to look up a bit—at least in silver."

"Thanks. Do you know a good place to stop?"

"Yeh. Mother Howard's boarding house. Everybody goes there, sooner or later. You'll see it on the left-hand side of the street before you get to the main block. Good old girl; knows how to treat anybody in the mining game from operators on down. She was here when mining was mining!"

Fairchild lifted his bag from the rear of the vehicle, waved a farewell to the driver and started into the village. And then the vision of the girl departed, momentarily, to give place to other thoughts, other pictures, of a day long gone.

To be Continued.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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Barrister's Breezy Stories

When the salary of the Rt. Hon. John Burns, then President of the Local Government Board, was raised to £5,000 a year, a friend remarked to him: "How can you take it; I remember your saying that no man should have more than £500 a year." "That's true," said Mr. Burns; "but, you see, I said nothing about a superman."

This amusing story is one of a clever bookful written by Mr. E. Bowen-Rowlands, who calls the collection, "In Court and Out of Court." Mr. Bowen-Rowlands records the neat retort of a barrister who was asked by a journalist to explain the phenomenal success enjoyed by a certain legal acquaintance. "All I can say about him," said the barrister, "is that his words always carry conviction when he appears for the defence."

A certain judge used to tell a story of a man who married a young woman under the impression that she was a spinster, only to find out after the marriage that she had six children. He decided to seek legal redress, but was unsuccessful.

The judge, in summing up, said: "I rather applaud the conduct of a certain general, who was told, before marriage, by the widow to whom he had proposed, that she was the mother of a family of five. 'That makes no difference,' said he. 'My dear Artemesia, let us agree to blot out the past—as far as we can; mine isn't anything to write home about; I want you as you are now and not as you were before I became fond of you. I'll take over the Jones kids. Leave it all to me.'

"And the general, whom we will call Brown, carried out his promise. After the honeymoon, he went up to the nursery, kissed the children, and made a little speech of 'hum's' and 'ha's'. Then he told the nurses to bring the children down to the bath room. This was done, and with the assistance of his wife he put each child in the bath. He then drew his sword, and, waving it over the laughing children, cried aloud: 'Arise, little Browns'."

A one-time Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, was renowned not only for his learning but because he dropped his "h's." In the latter connection the author tells the following:—

"Jessel had a great dislike for Lord Chancellor Selborne, who was a pious man and had written a book of hymns. On seeing him one day he turned to a friend and said: ''Ere 'e comes, the oily 'umbug, 'umming 'is 'oly 'ymns. Oh, 'ow I 'ate 'im'."

It is said that when he was told that a whale had been stranded near Oban, in Scotland, he snapped: "Impossible, a whale in 'Olborn! It must be a 'oax!"

In his early days in London the author was a dramatic critic, his remuneration being "ten shillings a theatre." Each ticket was accompanied by written and verbal instructions from the advertisement manager as to the kind of 'notice' that was necessary. "I once attended a first night at the Marylebone Theatre, and as I was the only critic present, I was asked into the manager's private box.

"When I went in, there were four persons assembled, and I was greeted by a very fat woman, who said: 'Good evening, dearie; are you the young man as was coming from the Dispatch?' I said, 'Yes,' whereupon she produced a black bottle and handed it to me, saying: 'Don't be afeared, dearie; it ain't pison, am it, Mr. Moss?' 'Not by no means,' said the bejewelled student of the drama. 'It'll do'n good, an' it's a tousand pities as he weren't in time for them trotters.'

"When the play was over," the author adds, "Mr. Moss gave me two cigars with red bands on them, and the woman said: 'An' now, dearie, wot yer goin' to put in about 'Enery?' I said, 'Something very nice.' And I did."

Of his boyhood the author has this amusing recollection, prefaced by the reminder that what was called sin in those times had a somewhat different meaning from what it has nowadays.

"One of the erstwhile faithful created unpleasantness by 'joining the church,' and he justified himself in a speech to an open-air meeting. 'O ye ungodly, ye backsliders, ye departers from righteousness — you'll all be swallowed up by the Bottomless Pit. But I wonna be hard upon you, for once I was like that myself. Yes, I was, no fear. Afore I was converted, I was a drinker, a blasphemer, a backslider, and a newspaper reader'."

Stains of Photos After Fixing.

The brown or yellow stains which are sometimes found on photographic prints after being taken out of the fixing bath can be prevented by mixing a tablespoonful of vinegar in the water in which the prints are washed after being developed.

One's Identity.

There is, in sanest hours, a consciousness, a thought that rises, independent, lifted out of all else, calm, like the stars, shining eternal. This is the thought of identity—yours for you, whoever you are, as mine for me. —Walt Whitman.

The Sayings of Shinbone.

"Ah done heard Brudder Jones prayin' las' night to be delivered frum his 'upsettin' sins,'" remarked Shinbone, "an' Ah reckon he mus' hab referred to de sin of 'toxication."—Boston Transcript.

Two Bites and a Sup.

While many of our familiar comparisons have been scrapped by modern conditions, new comparisons are taking their places—for example: "As quickly over as a movie meal."—Boston Transcript.

Forecast of the Future.

It will be a great day when wireless telephony is so perfected that a man can have a receiver in his hat and be managed by his wife all the time.—Chicago News.

Optimistic Thought.

The principal foundations of all states are good laws and good arms.

BOXERS BOXED.

Champions Who Have Met More Than Their Match.

A young woman recently appeared before the Bench at Newport, Monmouthshire, charged with assaulting a man, says London Answers. The latter, when he entered the witness-box, was seen to be of sturdy build. Asked his profession, he said that he was a professional boxer.

He was leaving a theatre, he stated, in company with a young woman, when the defendant attacked him. The lady, asked what she had to say, declared that the man was engaged to marry her. The banns had actually been called when his mother interfered and stopped the wedding. She was determined that "the next girl" should not be similarly treated, so she boxed the offender's ears.

The case calls to mind the only occasion on which the famous John L. Sullivan—who is thought by many to have been the greatest prizefighter in the nineteenth century—ran away.

Sullivan's strength was enormous, and his pluck was never questioned. Yet he did run once.

After he retired from the ring he took a public-house in New York, and ran it with great success. Then one day the famous Mrs. Nation arrived.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, whose exploits are beginning to be forgotten, was a fanatical temperance reformer. She was a small and rather elderly woman whose favorite weapon was an axe. When she got inside a bar she used it—not on the barkeeper but on the bottles.

One blazing hot afternoon Sullivan was standing behind his bar serving iced refreshments when the swing door opened, and a small, grey-haired woman appeared in the opening.

Everyone turned in surprise. Women did not, as a rule, enter drinking places in America.

"Who's that?" asked Sullivan.

"Carrie Nation," whispered one of his customers.

Sullivan gave a howl of dismay, made one leap out through the back door, and never stopped till he reached his bedroom, where he locked himself in and waited until word was brought that Mrs. Nation had been removed.

It is usually at the hands of women that the strong man or bully gets the shock of his life. Some years ago a half-tipsy ruffian fell foul of a small, inoffensive man walking with his wife.

The big man, whether by chance or design, trod heavily on the small man's foot, crushing his pet corn.

"You clumsy idiot!" screamed the small man.

"I'll teach you to call me an idiot!" roared the other, hitting out furiously.

The little man managed to dodge, and, before the bully could let drive a second time, the small man's wife ran in.

Just what happened the bully never knew, for he landed on his back on the pavement with a force that stunned him. When he came to he was in an ambulance on his way to the police station. Next morning the lady appeared to prosecute. The magistrate gazed at her in amazement.

"How did you manage to knock him down?" he asked.

"I am a teacher of physical exercises," she said simply.

One more instance of a strong man getting the worst of it, but not at the hands of a woman. Brunn's Circus had a professional strong man named Nagel, who was always boasting of his feats of strength. But one evening a quiet-looking man offered to wage five pounds that he had a pig that could beat Nagel in a tug-o'-war.

Nagel accepted the bet and next day the quiet man turned up at the circus ground with his pig—a large boar which wore a kind of harness to which a stout rope was attached.

Nagel took the loose end of the rope, the word was given, and both began to pull. The issue was not in doubt for more than a quarter of a minute. Then the pig, urged by its owner, simply walked away with the strong man, who was towed helplessly over the line amid shouts of laughter from the spectators.

Giving and Doing.

It is the giving up of life that saves it. When we stop calling it our own, seeking to hoard it and enrich it for ourselves, and begin bestowing it in loving interest and service upon others, we find that it has suddenly become richer and stronger than ever before.

Cannibal Fish.

Many fresh-water fish copy the sole and turn cannibal. Pike are the worst in this respect but trout have similar habits. Almost every pool in a brook has its cannibal which accounts daily for half a dozen of its younger brethren.

No Words Wasted.

The shortest review of a book that we have heard of was that published in an American paper recently. After mentioning the title, the author, and publisher, it passed judgment in the one word, "Shake."

Grouch and Bad Health.

Scientists tell us that it takes the body three months to recover from an attack of anger. A grouch, then, must be constantly trying to get back to good health.—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Discovery.

It has been found possible by aviators to use magnetic compasses by mounting them on horsehair cushions, which counteract the vibration of airplanes.

The Difference.

Vanderbilt, the elder millionaire, used to boast that he only wore a suit of clothes once. Many of us are like that, of course—only it is a much longer once.

Add Industry.

Our idea of a man who is completely occupied is a cross-eyed fellow with the St. Vitus dance trying to kiss a two-faced girl with a hare lip.

Optimistic Thought.

Speaking silence is better than senseless speech.

Hobos of America

The beggar on horseback belongs to history. To-day's mendicant pleads at the housewife's doorstep for a little something to buy gasoline with, and goes chortling down the long sunset trails of the American Midwest—a hobo with an automobile. This is the newest and perhaps strangest manifestation of the motor age. The American tramp no longer walks, but drives, says the Providence Journal. Out in the wheat belt, all up the long valley of the Mississippi and westward into the foothills of the Rockies, the phenomenon is daily being observed, and in some districts it has become more than a mere curiosity and is reckoned, indeed, as a distinct menace. Hundreds of little, broken-down machines, sold for a song by dealers who had taken them in trade, have found their ways into the hands of the habitually impoverished, and have themselves become tramps.

How does a tramp get an automobile? Investigators in the midwestern districts have looked into the subject, with a view to combatting this newest evil of endless migration, and have found that it is easier to-day to obtain possession of an automobile than it is to get a suit of clothes. Old cars must be retired if new ones are to be sold, and that large block of car-owners which customarily purchases second-hand machines must, in turn, dispose of its more antiquated models when it takes advantage of the turnover market. Thus there are distinct classes of buyers who trade in third-hand, fourth-hand and perhaps even tenth-hand cars. But somewhere there is a point when no buyers appear—when an oft-traded machine no longer has any substantial sale value at all. Such cars ordinarily would be pulled down and sold for junk. But that requires an expenditure of labor, and the rewards are neglible. It is more profitable, the investigators find, to sell such an automobile for ten dollars than to "junk" it.

Ten dollars may be beyond the simple means of a tramp, but not of a syndiacte of tramps. Take an authenticated case. Three hoboes in the Kansas wheat belt begged enough money to buy a broken-down Ford, for which they paid twelve dollars. The seller "threw in" two gallons of gasoline and enough oil to fill the crankcase, and they drove away. A few hours later an excited farmer telephoned the police that three toughs in a small automobile had helped themselves to gasoline from his wayside pump and had threatened to black-jack him when he protested. No doubt this particular car will wend its way all over the country, following in faster time than formerly the old begging trails of the hobo.

The tramp machines are, in general, the sorriest looking motorized contraptions imaginable. The investigators encountered one forty miles from the nearest city, bumping merrily along on four flat tires. Of twenty machines examined, six had no headlights, and all but one had smashed windshields. "You can hear a tramp flivver thirty miles away." That sums up the average condition of decrepitude. Driving licenses? Well, hardly ever. The hobo it cute enough to register his car, because he can get nowhere without number plates, but he doesn't waste money on an operator's permit until he has been arrested. New practices develop new tricks quickly. One of the new tricks of the motor tramp is to halt at an isolated wayside gasoline station and wait. They wait all day, if necessary, wandering around the premises ominously, until the nerves of the station proprietor are shattered to shreds. They ask for nothing; they threaten nobody. But at last the dealer gives in. "Out of gas?" he asks. "Well, I'll give you a couple of gallons if you'll move along."

It's worth the price of two gallons to be rid of the silent threat; the hobo is a psychologist and knows he need violate no law to obtain what he wants. Thus springs up a defensive practice on the part of the gasoline dealers which perpetuates the very menace they fear. These hoboes on wheels are multiplying rapidly. Not only are the old-timers going in for motors, but the lure of the easy life is attracting hundreds who were not tramps before. It will require skilfully contrived legislation to combat the evil, for there are degrees of affluence and poverty that overlap in the vague regions between tramphood and the tourist's estate. But a telling blow must be struck at once in the affected States before the problem gets wholly out of hand.

Irishman's Cure for Toothache.

Pat met a friend who inquired how he was. He replied, "Bedad, I'm driven nearly mad with the toothache."

"Oh! if that's all," said his friend, "I've got a fine cure. When I get toothache, the first thing I do is to knock off work and buy a bottle of whiskey and a lemon. Then I go home to say to my wife, 'Biddy, put the kettle on.' When I have had one, or maybe two tumblers of punch, I get into the big armchair in front of the fire, put my wife on my knee, and place my jaw where the toothache is in the hollow of her neck. I go fast asleep, and when I wake up I'm cured entirely."

"Oh," said Pat, "if that ain't the divil of a fine cure. Is your wife at home now?"

Awful!

A proud young father who had been drinking the health of the baby took a friend home to see the infant.

The friend, too, had been imbibing rather freely, and when he was taken into the nursery he looked for a moment at the cot, and then, turning amazed eyes upon the happy mother, exclaimed: "I didna ken it was twins."

No edible fish is found at a greater depth of the sea than 600 feet.

THE CROSS-CUT—TWELVE

Hanging Pictures.

It is easy to make mistakes in the hanging of pictures. Observing the following as a guide, you will make fewer mistakes in this respect. First, a plain paper for the room is almost imperative. This will give you an opportunity to use all the pictures, no matter what they are. Soft grays and terra cotta tones are best for background. Avoid figured and highly-colored papers as these prevent the picture from standing out. Be careful not to tilt the pictures too much. Hang them almost flat.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

When Jenny Lind Sang It, Audience Choked With Emotion.

The House of Representatives in Washington one December night some seventy-five years ago was included in the itinerary of the famous Jenny Lind during her triumphant American tour under P. T. Barnum's management. Before an assemblage consisting of President Fillmore, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, Justices, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, Congressmen and other dignitaries, the matchless singer that night had held her distinguished audience spellbound. When she arrived at the final number on her program she launched softly into the tender strains of the greatest hearth song, "Home, Sweet Home!" The songstress' face was turned toward the lonely author of that never-to-be-forgotten song—John Howard Payne, who was present in the audience. She sang this tender melody with much pathos and emotion. Perhaps there flashed through her mind her own home across the sea. At the conclusion it found many of her listeners choked with emotion, unable to applaud. This lovely ballad, no doubt, evoked remembrances of their own family circles in far-off climes.

After these many years "Home, Sweet Home!" with its world appeal, still melts the heart of any audience, anywhere. It is the universality of the poem that makes this ballad immortal—simple words exquisitely expressive of the melancholy felt by a man, friendless in a distant country. Only a wanderer within foreign gates, feeling the pangs of lonesomeness stealing o'er him, is able to express a yearning for his fireside, be it where it may. Was it any wonder that the gifted author, John Howard Payne, unknown and poor, from his garret gave to the world the greatest "home" song of them all after living in France for a score of years? While eking out a precarious existence as an adaptor of French drama into English, Payne interpolated his own original poem, "Home, Sweet Home!" into a translation of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," an opera. When sung in London for the world premier in 1823 at the famous Covent Garden Theatre, it elicited the same affectionate regard that followed it later in Washington. The opera was enormously prosperous and made fortures for all concerned, except the always unfortunate and dependent writer.

With all of Payne's remarkable talents as actor, journalist, song writer and dramatist, he was constantly in want. In 1841 he forsook the shores of England for a journey to Washington, where he filed application for the consular service. He was promptly appointed U. S. Consul to far-off Tunis, in Northern Africa, where he remained for a few years. A change of administration forced him to return to Washington which, by a strange coincidence, was timed with the noted Jenny Lind's appearance in the same city. However, Payne's consularship was restored to him by President Fillmore in 1851. His tenure of office this time was brief, for he died the following year, unnoticed and unknown. In 1883, through the beneficence of a Washington philanthropist, Payne's remains were borne across the sea to the capital of his country. A ceremony of one thousand voices, blended with an orchestra, sang his unforgettable lyric as his body was lowered into its final resting place—a eulogy to the wandering American who carved in song a monument to one's home, be it ever so humble.

Salt Water for Teeth.

"The best thing to use for the daily cleansing of the teeth is salt water—a teaspoonful of kitchen salt in one-third of a tumbler of water," said Sir Harry Baldwin, surgeon-dentist to the King, in a recent lecture. Pastes and powders, he continued, might be used for occasional polishing of teeth.

Pyorrhoea can be avoided if the edges of the gums are kept tight and hard by daily friction. Every part of the gums, back and front, should be rubbed vigorously with a tooth-brush night and morning. Although pyorrhoea does not cause pain, it is a serious disease that might eat through the bone of the jaws and penetrate to the nose.

The destructive action of acids resulting from stagnation of starch foods in the mouth is the cause of the decay of teeth. Fruit is an excellent thing to stimulate the formation of an alkaline saliva, as an antidote to the acid.

Biblical "Seven Ages."

First age, from the creation to the deluge, 2349 B. C.; second age, to the coming of Abraham into Canaan, 1922 B. C.; third age, to the Exodus from Egypt, 1491 B. C.; fourth age, to the founding of Solomon's temple, 1041 B. C.; fifth age, to the capture of Jerusalem, 588 B. C.; sixth age, to the birth of Christ; seventh age, to the present time.

Our Foolish Filosofy.

Cheer up. Why worry? Most anything you do will make somebody glad. If you get sick somebody who don't like you will be pleased about it. If you get well somebody who likes you will feel mighty happy about it. If you die the undertaker is entitled to congratula—er—that is to say, we all have our little moments.—Indianapolis Star.

Violets.

There are many myths and legends connected with the violet, which has been considered the good luck flower by many nationalities. In some places, English rural folk say a handful of the first violets found should be taken into the farmhouse, so good luck will be assured in the hatching of all the baby fowls of the barnyard.

His Favorite.

Brother was attending a party at which the refreshments served were ice cream and cake. The hostess saw that brother wasn't making much headway with the ice cream, so asked him if he didn't care for it. "Oh, yes," he answered, "Ice cream is all right; but turkey is my favorite."

Her Appearance.

Mildred had accompanied her father to the near-by village and on her return was telling her mother of a woman she saw there. Her mother asked if it was a certain woman, and Mildred immediately replied: "No, mother, she looked newer than that."

King of Siam

Rama VI., King of Siam, who died recently, caused something of a sensation throughout his wide dominion a couple of years ago by divorcing his queen. So far as the outside world is to know it is because she did not bear him a man-child.

Rama VI., however, took unto himself another queen, who bore him a daughter. Having no son to succeed him, Rama's brother becomes King.

In such countries as Turkey and Siam the divorce of potentates is done by themselves. They do not need to ask either a judge or a holy clerk to perform the office for them. They merely announce to the unsatisfactory wife that she is divorced. Frequently enough in the past have Kings of Siam divorced their queens, usually for the same reason that moved Rama, namely, that the wives failed to provide an heir to the throne. While the kings have been promiscuous in their relations with the other sex, they have never sought to defy the Siamese law that provides that only the son of a queen may become king. The children born to the ordinary wives have no right to the succession, though they receive distinguished honors and are not made to feel ashamed of their birth.

Rama VI. is said to have had 236 sisters and 133 brothers, though only twelve of these have royal rank and are thus eligible to succeed him to the throne. His father, though a progressive monarch, had numerous wives and several queens.

Rama VI. was unmarried when he ascended the throne, and announced that he would not be a polygamist, which was a great shock to his subjects. They did not applaud this importation of European morality which Rama had probably acquired when he was a student at Oxford. They were disappointed, for there is no hope so dear to the parents of a charming Siamese girl as that the King may choose her to be his queen. Failing that, it is considered an unusual honor if she is chosen as one of his wives-in-ordinary. The action of Rama barred the door to many ambitions.

In practice and theory the King of Siam is an absolute monarch. There is a Legislative Assembly which he appoints and which is made up largely of his relatives, and this assembly is entrusted with the drudgery of Government. But anything the King wants done is done. His despotism is benevolent, and Siam is in some respects one of the best governed countries in the world. If political rights are unknown, so is poverty, and the Siamese prefer what they have to more advanced forms of government. The King is obeyed by some nine and a half million subjects, and he is respected generally by his fellow-monarchs. Siam gives no trouble to anybody, though the fact that the King is one of the most important defenders of the Buddhist faith gives him an influence far beyond the bounds of his kingdom, which an unscrupulous man might use to dangerous ends. The late King materially increased the efficiency of both army and navy and had organized a small air force. He imposed conscription on his subjects, and in 1917 he declared war upon Germany and Austria. This was after the United States had entered the war. It is not on record that the Siamese shed much Teutonic blood, and Siam is one of the few nations which has not laid claim to winning the war.

Rama VI. has been King of Siam since Oct. 23, 1910. He was crowned on Dec. 2, 1911. In connection with the coronation ceremonies the unique phraseology of the oath of allegiance to the new King may well be quoted here:—

"We pray the powers of the deities to plague with poisonous boils and with all manner of horrible diseases the dishonorable, the disobedient and the treacherous. When they have departed this life may they be sent to terrible hell."

For most of each year he lives in one of his fabulously costly palaces at Bangkok, the capital. The architecture of this splendid city is such that it once inspired an American lady to exclaim that she had found "fairyland." As a sample of its richness there is an equestrian statue in the Dusit Park of the late King Chulalong Korn, of which the harness is wrought in pure gold.

The new palace, built by the present King's grandfather, is the most beautiful of all the structures. It is divided into two parts, an inner and an outer residence. The inner residence is sacred, and no European, not even the ex-kaiser, has ever been inside it. Incidentally, the servants of the outer establishment are never allowed in the inner part. Most of the furniture was bought in London and Oxford, but the decorations worth millions of dollars, are expressive of the highest Siamese art. Consider the King in his throne room wearing his massive spiked golden crown, with its gorgeous jewels, well over two feet high; wearing his robes of state, all heavily bejewelled, even to his slippers, his sword and his fan. This is evidently what is meant by Oriental magnificence.

Brought Up on Elephant's Milk.

A schoolmaster had just finished an instructive lesson food, when Johnny raised his hand.

"Well, Johnny, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir, Clarence Dudley said he knew a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight every day."

"Clarence ought not to tell such rubbish," replied the teacher. Then addressing the other boy, he said: "Tell me, Clarence, whose baby was brought up on elephant's milk?"

"It was the elephant's baby, sir."

The Apricot.

The word apricot is said to be derived from the Latin "praecox," meaning early ripe. The "prunus Armeniaca" came from Asia Minor, as the Latin name indicates, and it was first planted in England about the year 1540 by a gardener in the service of King Henry VIII. the father of Queen Elizabeth.

Gained.

The British Isles lost in a year to the sea 6,600 acres and gained 48,000 acres.

The United Kingdom takes about half the world's total production of tea.

YARNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

A Few Jokes That Will Make You Smile.

A man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend.

"But he pays not the slightest attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

Eldest Sister: "Don't you know better than to go telling everybody how much older I am than you are?"

Little Brother: "I have to, else people would think you were my mother."

"Now I suppose," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that the surgeons of the army are attached to the Medical Corps?"

"Your supposition does you great credit," replied Mr. Snaggs, sarcastically. "It's a wonder you didn't imagine that the doctors joined the army for the purpose of building bridges or going up in a balloon. Where should army surgeons be except in the Medical Corps?"

"Well, I thought that they might possibly belong to the Lancers."

Jennie: "George, it says in this paper that another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?"

George: "Well, I don't just know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying."

The young man George had been "hanging round" for some time, and amongst other trifling tokens had presented the daughter of the house with a little book giving the meaning of Christian names. She sat turning the pages after he had gone.

"William means 'good,' I see," she remarked. "James means 'beloved.'" She blushed slightly. "I wonder what George means."

"I sincerely trust, my dear," said her father, tartly, "that George means business."

The conductor paused before the small boy whose mother had only taken a ticket for herself.

"How old's the boy?" he demanded.

"Just three."

The man passed on, satisfied. The child, however, sat pondering deeply. Presently, evidently concluding that full particulars had not been given, he called to the conductor, at the other end of the tram:—

"And mother's thirty."

He was a good little boy, and very thoughtful. It was during a long spell of dry weather, and he had heard of the great scarcity of water throughout the country.

He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers.

"Mama," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he said, in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very, very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed."

Victim (of barber who has cut him, nicked him, and gnashed him): "Give me a glass of water, please."

"You aren't going to faint, I hope."

"No; I just want to see if my mouth will hold water."

Little Billy tripped over the edge of the carpet and dropped the dish of tapioca he was carrying. Picking himself up, he remarked, cheerfully. "That's jolly lucky!"

His mother was indignant.

"What's jolly lucky, I should like to know?" she asked.

"Why, it's jolly lucky I don't like tapioca," replied Billy.

He Did His Best.

A determined-looking gentleman entered the barber's shop and demanded "a haircut without conversation."

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in the shop, "but——"

"I won't excuse another word," interrupted the gentleman. "I've just left my regular barber because he was so talkative, and I insist on you cutting my hair without unnecessary speech."

When the click of the scissors had been going on for about ten minutes the man in the chair found that his head was looking like a well-worn scrubbing brush.

"What do you mean by this?" he roared.

"It's the best I can do, sir," replied the man. "I haven't cut anybody's hair before in my life. You see, the barber has gone to lunch. I'm the plumber just come to look at the water pipe."

Ocean Forests.

No land animals can compare with whales in size, and the tiger of the jungle is small compared with the tigers of the sea, the great sharks.

But it comes as a surprise to learn that the largest plant in the world is a gigantic seaweed. It beats even the giant trees of California for height and girth, frequently growing to a height of more than 406 feet.

It is commonly called the rope-tree, because large quantities of it are died and used as ropes in the South Seas.

This vast growth is buoyed up by a sort of natural balloon, which grows towards the surface and increases with the size of the plant until it is sometimes over six feet in diameter. A grove of these submarine trees may become a hindrance to navigation.

The Majestic.

The world's largest vessel, the Majestic, has a tonnage of 56,551 tons, which is approximately that of the 135 ships that formed the Spanish Armada. The space inside the huge hull of the Majestic is equivalent to 400 detached eight-roomed suburban residences, and nine decks have a total area of seven and a half acres.

Canada's School Children.

Over two million of Canada's population are attending school.

The Brute.

Popperton—"The wife has gone shopping and left me in charge of the baby, and I'm blest if I know how to keep the beggar quiet." Grimshaw (after critically regarding the howling juvenile)—"I should think you could easily keep him quiet, both in a vocal and physical way, by gagging him carefully, tying his hands behind his back, binding his feet together, nailing his clothes to the floor, and then administering chloroform to him."

FRENCH FAMILY ALLOWANCES.

Industrial Workers Employed Under Guarantee of Family Allowances.

An experiment in France which is attracting attention both there and abroad is the provision for family allowances in industry, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. Under the British wage system of a flat rate, young journeymen are the equals of their fathers, brothers and even grandfathers in respect of income, but if they incur family responsibilities their standard of living falls proportionately. A truly French characteristic is regard for the family even in industry and from slow and small beginnings the system of family allowances has advanced rapidly in recent years.

More than a generation ago some of the French railways introduced modest bonuses for the dependents of their workpeople. Since 1900 similar bonuses have been spreading in the coal fields. The system which was adopted by one of the metal works of Grenoble in 1916 soon found imitators in others. After the war the metal firms of Grenoble formed themselves into a "co-operative pool," each paying a levy into the pool according to its magnitude and each drawing from the pool on an agreed scale for its family men. Similar pools were formed all over France, some on a trade basis, others on a district basis, and last June their number had reached 176. Their federation, the Central Committee for Family Allocations, says a London Times correspondent, is one of the most interesting sociological agencies of France.

Three-quarters of all the industrial workers in France are employed under the guarantee of family allowances, and the proportion is steadily rising. In factories, mines, railways and the Government services the system is general or universal. It is spreading rapidly in commerce and it has begun to spread in agriculture. Vast sums are distributed monthly in bonuses, the amounts and conditions of which vary from district to district and, where the pools are organised on a trade basis, from trade to trade. The pioneer city of Grenoble has nine "caisses" or pools, namely, engineering, building, paper, glove, wood-working, mixed manufacturing, wholesale, retail and co-operative. The monthly bonuses are 15 to 20 francs for one child up to 150 to 205 francs for six children. Certain trade unions held aloof or were hostile at the start but this attitude is now out of date.

The Times correspondent says that solicitude for the family, good ideals of employers and the business motive of increasing good will in work are the bases of the system. Employers are satisfied that the allowances are a valuable productive factor and a leaven of reconcilement. Workmen and especially workmen's wives are satisfied with the results. The system is entirely voluntary. What has been done is the fruit of the enlightenment and enterprise of employers of every sort and has been done at their expense.

Brave and Brainy Horses.

A few days ago a horse saved his mistress from drowning.

Miss V. Musselwhite, the daughter of a farmer living at Blackfield, drove her horse to the edge of a lake to drink. The animal slipped and fell into the lake, dragging with him the conveyance and the driver. Miss Musselwhite could not swim and was in danger of drowning.

The animal broke away from the trap and swam to his mistress. As soon as he felt that she had gripped the rein he dragged her to the shore and remained beside her until she had recovered from her exhaustion, when she mounted him and rode home, a distance of two miles.

On one occasion when a Dutch ship was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and a number of sailors were clinging to the wreckage in a terrible sea, a man rode up with his horse. After contemplating the scene for a few moments he dismounted, blew some brandy into the nostrils of the animal, and spoke encouraging words to it. Then he mounted again and drove the horse into the breakers.

The pair reached the wreckage and brought back two sailors, who held on to the rider's boots. The journey was repeated seven times and fourteen sailors were brought ashore. On the eighth journey the animal became exhausted and was turned over by a wave. The man was never seen again, but the horse reached land. Surely a wonderful record of animal bravery and endurance.

A man, riding through a wood at night, collided with the bough of a tree and fell from the saddle unconscious. The horse continued his journey and, on reaching home, pawed at the door until it was opened. Then, turning, he led the occupants back to the spot where the unconscious rider lay.

Burial Place of Jonah.

The Minor Prophet Jonah who has been the centre of much theological discussion, is supposed to be buried at Mosul and his traditional tomb still stands on the opposite bank of the Tigris. Mosul is an ancient Arab city, built not on the actual site, as commonly stated, but on some outlying suburb of Scriptural Nineveh. It was once a very prosperous place, famous for the manufacture of muslins, which probably got their name from this city; but commercial ruin, begun by the rise of Bushire, culminated in the opening of the Suez Canal. Mosul possesses a population of curiously mixed religions, whose theological views seem broad enough to satisfy any "Modernist." Christians and Mohammedans equally venerate the two local saints, St. George and Jonah.

His Wish.

Professor: "It is said that clergymen and soldiers appeal most strongly to women."

Ardent Youth: "By Jove! I wish I were an army chaplain!"

Poor Fellow!

"And what prompted you to propose to me, dear?"

"You," said he, simply and sadly.

Light and Dark of Moon.

Popularly, the moon is called new when, after passing the sun, she first becomes visible as a thin crescent. Some persons say the light of the moon is from this time until the moon is full. Others say that the light of the moon is during the few days when the moon appears to be full. The dark of the moon is also thought by some to extend from the full moon until no moon is visible. Popularly, however, the moon is dark during the few days of invisibility when near conjunction with the sun.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing,
Furnace Work,
Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints
and Oils.
Stoves, and
Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaton's.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Dutch Bulbs

All Varieties

Good Wheat

For Hen Feed

Poultry Spices,
Beef Scrap,
Tankage
—at—

GEO. E. WINTER,
Seed Store
Dundas St. Phone 78.

WE SELL FOR LESS

2 lbs. mixed candy for	25c.
Try Tuco Catsup large bottle	23c.
1 can pure jam	50c.
20 bars White Naptha Soap	$1.00
24 bars Lennox Soap	$1.00
1 lb. mixed nuts for	23c.
1 lb. shortening for	15c.
1 lb. shelled Walnuts	40c.
2 lbs. raisins	25c.
1 qt. Molasses for	15c.
1 lb. peanuts	18c.

Wood, Salt, Feed.

A Penny Saved is Worth 2 Made.

Denison Bros.
North Centre Street.
NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

CORNS
end the pain
quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure.* No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin;* antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this *new,* magic corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

[illegible]

The Haines
Shoe Houses

Daly's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

Mr. L. A. Montgomery, highway traffic officer, who has been on patrol between Shannonville and Kingston, has been transferred to North York, and left Monday to assume his new duties.

The inquiry into the death of the man, M. McDonald, found dying on the Highway at Shea's Corners, found that the man died from carbolic acid poisoning. Relatives in Scotland have been notified. An inquest was deemed unnecessary.

Peter O'Connell a well-known farmer of Richmond Township, passed away at his home near Forest Mills, on Thursday, aged 77 years. Deceased, who had been a sufferer from heart trouble for some time, was seriously ill but a few days.

Mr. Blake Huyck, who has been in the employ of the Dominion Canners Co. at Napanee, for the past year, has received a promotion, and is now the Manager of the local plant. Mr. Huyck's many friends will be pleased to learn of his success.

At a convention of the Memorial Craftsmen of Ontario, held in the Carlsrite Hotel, Toronto, last week, during the banquet at the conclusion of the convention, Mr. Wm. Howitt, of the Napanee Marble Works, was presented with a beautiful shield for his district.

Picton and Napanee Hockey teams met at the Napanee arena on Friday night in the first game played by the town team this season. Though the team will improve by more practice together, they had no trouble disposing of the Picton aggregation by a score of 10-2.

There are a few cases of measles in town. The Board of Health are very anxious to limit the spread of this disease. They wish to call the attention of householders to the fact that they are responsible, whether they call a doctor or not, and in case of doubt, where they do not want to call a doctor, they must notify the Board of Health and they will call a physician to see them. The Board of Health will rigidly enforce this law, because they are very anxious to check the disease at once.

"I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts," Ps. 119 : 94; "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste; yea sweeter than honey to my mouthh. Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway," Ps. 119 : 103, 104, and 105; "Great are Thy tender mercies O Lord: quicken me according to Thy judgments," Ps. 119 : 156; "Consider how I love Thy precepts: quicken me O Lord, according to Thy loving kindness," Ps. 119 : 159; "Thy word is true from the beginning and every one of Thy righteous judgments endureth forever," Ps. 119 : 160.

O Father we long for the glorious day,
When al lshall adore Thhee, and all shal obey;
O hahsten Thy kingdom, O show forth Ty might,
And wave o'er the nations the septre of right.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Still further improvement in the appearance and contents of the magazine, Rod and Gun is shown in the February number which has just been issued. There is a very good line-up of sporting reading material in this issue and good illustration is also a feature of the number.

The series of descriptive articles, A. Bryan Williams' Breezes from the West, and Raymond Thompson's "In the Big Woods of Canada, continue with interesting instalments, while complete stories, fictitious, true and instructive, are of outstanding merit. A short sketch of Outdoor Life, from the pen of F. B. Doud, entitled "October Days," is a gem of its kind. A poem of great merit, Nocturne of the Prairies, by David Howarth, is also one of the features of the issue.

James Frise's cartoon in this issue is another materpiece of humorous art with a flavor of the outdoors.

Rod and Gun is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ontario.

Kitty Danced—
And Now She Pays

She is tall and slender, with coquettish blue eyes and hair that is very definitely auburn, bobbed, of course, for Kitty is nothing, if not up-to-date. Yet her up-to-dateness didn't include the ability to guard her health. Dances and parties, cold and weak spells, then more parties and more sick spells brought on what her mother might have foreseen had she lived.

No, you can't blame Kitty. Her youth, her prettiness and her popularity were false friends to her. She is only 18. Another year in the kindly care of the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, where expert medical attention and nursing are here, will perhaps see her restored to health and usefulness.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

WHERE RESTS
YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

Miss Diana Miller is in Toronto for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Seymour returned from Montreal on Friday.

Mr. J. C. Connolly, Yarker, left on Monday to spend the winter at St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mrs. F. L. Hooper and Mrs. Symington were in Toronto a few days last week.

Mrs. Holland returned to Toronto last week after spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Fraser.

Mrs. W. D. Hunter and baby, Joyce, are spending a few days in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Andrews left on Saturday to reside in Peterborough.

Miss Catherine O'Ray left on Saturday to enter Rochester hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Mr. A. G. Taylor, of the Canadian National Express, spent the week-end with his family.

Mrs. Geo. Perry is visiting her husband in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Hugh Haggerty, Empey Hill, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Gosline, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Fred J. Vanalstine is spending a few days at Roblin, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lasher.

Miss Myrtle Weeks, Toronto, was the guest of Miss Isobel Matthews a few days last week.

Miss Laura M. Somerville, of Marlbank, is taking a nursing course in Kingston General Hospital.

Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Brethen, of Demorestville, are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brethen, Switzerville.

Fred Lennox, of Napanee, is held at Watertown, N.Y., charged with entering the United States and violating the immigration laws.

Miss Violet Cassidy, of Napanee, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCullough, of Lonsdale.

Miss Violet Cassidy, of Napanee, spent a couple of days visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Burgoyne, Belleville.

Mr. M. C. Bogart left on Wednesday last for Los Angeles via Winnipeg and Vancouver, returning via Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago.

BIRTHS

Hawley—At Mt. Pleasant, on Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hawley, a son.

Jackson—At Selby, on Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jackson, a son.

MARRIAGES

Lepel—Ohlman—At St. George Rectory, Trenton, Ont., at 12 o'clock, Tuesday, January 12th, 1926, by Rev. Rural Dean A. L. McTear, assisted by Rev. J. Lyons, of Picton, Inez Ethel May, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Ohlman, "New Eden," Kingston Road, to Paul G. W. Lepel, youngest son of Mr. Frank Lepel, Shelby, Ohio.

DEATHS

Lapum—At Napanee, on Saturday, January 16th, 1926, Edwin Smith Lapum, aged 78 years, 1 month.

Simmons—At Napanee, on Wednesday, Jan. 6th, 1926, Herman Meyers Simmons, aged 74 years, 6 months.

Trumpour—At Corning, N. Y., on Tuesday, January 12th, 1926, William A. Trumpour, aged 55 years, 8 months.

York—At the home of her son, Mr. Manson York, Sheffield, on Sunday, Jan. 10th, 1926, Mrs. Maria York, aged 93 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of my dear husband, Daniel Loucks, who died at Napanee, January 20th, 1925.

One year has passed and still I miss him,
One year of sorrow and pain;
But still he dwells as fresh as ever,
In my memory just the same.

Fond thoughts will linger around my heart,
And tears will often flow
And to that sad and lonely grave,
My thoughts do often go.

His Loving Wife.

PIG CAUSED A WAR.

Takes Very Little to Start War In Interior of Papua.

It takes very little to start a sanguinary war between two hill tribes in the unknown interior of Papua, says a writer in the World Wide.

A magistrate went out to investigate a feud between the rival districts of Kapatea and Kevezzi.

"It was a pig, it appeared, that had started all the rampage. It had wandered away from the village of Tavivi and died at the foot of a precipice—probably quite a natural death from having lost its foothold on the slippery slope. But the pig's owner thought otherwise. He suspected sorcery, and retained his own local sorcerer to make investigation.

"That wily individual had no difficulty in diagnosing that the pig had died as the result of the machinations of the chief sorcerer of the Kevezzi district. Thus he accomplished two things at the same time—satisfied his employer and vented his own jealousy and envy on his rival.

"So Kapatea went mad—stark raving mad—and prepared to avenge the pig's death by making war on Kevezzi. The chief of Kapatea, however, was lukewarm in the matter. He remembered a similar outbreak which had been followed by a visit from the white men and their black devils, the police, who had administered severe chastisement.

"But a leader willing to do the bidding of the people was found in the person of one Yapitz, of Tavivi village. He could not strip the old chief of his hereditary title, but he usurped all his powers and became chief in fact, leading his warriors into Kevezzi and laying waste the country."

ROBINSON'S JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Features Money Saving Values for the Person and for the Home

Come to-day, you cannot possibly make any mistakes, because to-day, every day is and will be a profitable day for you to shop in this our "Greater Than Ever" January Clearance Sale. You know our reasons for this sale. You know it is the ground-work for a new and better service for 1926. We have planned to move many thousands of dollars of merchandise. To do this by January 30th we have completely forgotten profit and loss. Every department is lined up in this store-wide sale Every department extends to you a hearty invitation. Every department will treat you to a harvest of money saving values.

Check Your Requirements Against this List of Specials.
Choose now for Future Needs.

CLEARANCE VALUES IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WINTER COATS

EVERY COAT of Winter weight is included.

EVERY COAT is a new outstanding Winter style.

EVERY COAT regularly priced represented good, honest value.

NOW EVERY COAT is priced below cost of manufacture.

EVERY COAT carries our guarantee.

MANY COATS, all new models selling at Half Price.

ALL BLACK COATS, plain or fur-trimmed, reduced 33 1-3%

REGULAR TO $30.00 values are on sale at $18.95.

REGULAR TO $20.00 values are on sale at $11.75.

BACK-LACING CORSETS REDUCED
EXCELLENT VALUES AT $1.46 AND $2.58

On sale here you will find many of the best styles in D & A and Crompton Corsets. These are properly styled, good fitting and entirely dependable. Different styles. All sizes. Splendid values.

FLANNELETTE GOWNS, $1.00 EACH

Made from domestic flette in several attractive styles and in medium large sizes. Workmanship is exceptionally well done.

Regular $1.29 and $1.39 values.

SLEEVELESS CARDIGANS, $1.99 EACH

Obtainable in a wide list of popular and attractive colorings. They come in authentic styles and qualities.

Values to $7.75 each.

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC OVERBLOUSES CLEARING AT $7.50 EACH

At Easter time you will be paying from $10.00 to $15.00 for garments no more fashionable or attractive than these. These are made from fine heavy silk Crepe-de-Chenes in good-looking styles and beautifully ornamented.

Assorted colors. Regular to $15.00 values.

Plain and Fancy
SILK AND WOOL SKIRTS
On Sale at Half Price

Heavy-Weight Beacon Cloth
WINTER KIMONOS
On Sale less 25 per cent.

CLEARANCE VALUES IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' EVENING AND DAY-TIME DRESSES

Women, plan to replenish your dress requirements in this sale. Your opportunities to choose well and to save money are legion.

FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESSES reduced 20 to 50 per cent.

FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON DRESSES reduced 20 to 50 per cent.

SATIN CREPE AFTERNOON DRESSES, values to $39.50, for $16.95.

WOOL STREET DRESSES, values to $24.50 for $16.95.

WOOL AND SILK DAY TIME DRESSES. All reduced to $9.95.

BALBRIGGANS, KASHA, SPORT WOOLLEN DRESSES, on sale less 20%.

CHOOSE YOUR HOME SUPPLIES NOW
BEAUTIFUL MERCHANDISE GENEROUSLY REDUCED

SUNFAST CHENILLE MADRAS

Lovely deep blue, suitable for over-curtains, table runners, arch curtains, etc. Regular $2.50 per yd., Sale Price $1.79.

SUNFAST DUTCH STRIPE

Mulberry and Grey coloring, for casement sun curtains—very new and very attractive. Reg. $1.25 yd., Sale Price 85c.

LOVELY MADRAS

50 inches wide, white ground with floral border and all-over pattern. Very desirable for bedrooms and sun rooms. Regular $1.75 yd., Sale Price $1.19 yd.

LESS TWENTY PER CENT.

This embraces our entire stock of made-up curtains, including Nottingham, Marquisette, Scrim and Swiss qualities.

SCOTCH MADRAS, 27 CENTS

We have 493 yards, all is exceptionally fine quality and obtainable in a lovely range of patterns.

Sold regularly at 35 cents per yard.

DAY IN AND DAY OUT VALUES
FROM OUR STAPLE DEPARTMENT

COME AND SHARE

27 inch Colored Flannelette, regular 25 cents, Sale Price 18 cents per yard.

29 inch Colored Stripe English Flannelette, regular 30 cent grade, on sale for 22 cents per yd.

Plain Light and Dark Grey, Domet Flannelette, regular 35 cent grade, on sale for 25 cents yd.

22 inch glass check and plain Tea Towelling, all linen, regular 35 cent values for 27 cents per yard.

70 inch unbleached, al llinen Table Damask, regular $1.35 value for $1.09 yd.

CHOOSE THESE SPECIALS AT OUR SMALLWARE COUNTER

Remnants of lace and insertion at Clearing Prices.

Bunches of lace, insertion—Torchon, Val., silk and linen—on Sale 10c. bunch.

Ladies' Chamoisette Gloves, with cuffs, colors of Beaver, Fawn, Grey, Tan, odd sizes, regular $1.00 values, Sale Price 75c. pair.

20% discount off all wool, silk and wool hosiery.

1 oz. balls of silk and wool Yarn, regular 35c. value, Sale Price 5 for $1.00.

20% discount off Women's and Children's Winter Underwear.

Tooth Brushes, reg. 29c. each, on sale at Half Price.

Black headed toilet pins, regular 5c., Sale Price 2 for 5c.

Odd shades of brilliant Mending Cotton, 2 for 5 cents.

FIVE DRESS LENGTHS CUT VELVET TO CLEAR AT SPECIAL PRICES

One dress length to each pattern—Black and colored.
Two lengths, regular $8.50, Sale Price $4.95 per yd.
Two lengths, regular $6.95, Sale Price $3.95 per yd.
One length, regular $5.95, Sale Price $3.75 per yd.

RICH NEW FABRICS, REGULAR TO $3.75 PER YD.
SALE PRICE $2.95 PER YD.

Each fabric listed here will have a leading place in the list of fabrics for Spring.

Satin Face Crepe, Black and colors.
Faille Babette, Black, Tan, Rust. 36 in. and 38 in. wide.

ONLY A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS PROCURABLE IN OUR STORES FOR MEN OF ALL AGES

COME AND SHARE

ALL MEN'S PATTERN SUITS REDUCED

Any $12.50 Suit, on sale at $10.00.
Any $15.00 Suit, on sale at $12.00.
Any $20.00 Suit, on sale at $15.00.
Any $25.00 Suit, on sale at $18.50.
Any $30.00 Suit, on sale at $24.00.
Any $32.50 Suit, on sale at $26.50.
Any $35.00 Suit, on sale at $28.00.

Plain Blues, Blacks and Greys reduced as follows:

$25.00 Suits reduced to $20.00.
$30.00 Suits reduced to $24.00.
$32.50 Suits reduced to $27.50.
$35.00 Suits reduced to $30.00.

Special offering during Sale—Tuxedo Suits with silk lapels, $42.50.

BOYS' SUITS

25 Suits, sizes 26 to 36, Sale Price $5.00.
Any $8.50 Suit, on sale at $6.80.
Any $10.00 Suit, on sale at $7.50.
Any $12.50 Suit, on sale at $9.95.
Any $13.50 Suit, on sale at $10.00.
Any $15.00 Suit, on sale at $12.00.
Any $17.50 Suit, on sale at $13.50.

MEN'S OVERCOATS

At Less than Cost of Production.

At $7.50, 6 of them, sizes 3-34, 1-35, 2-36.

At $10.00, 6 of them, sizes 1-35, 1-37, 1-38, 1-39, 1-42, 1-44.

At $12.50, 10 of them, sizes 3-34, 3-35, 1-36, 1-37, 1-40, 1-44.

At $15.00, 10 of them, sizes 1-35, 1.36, 3-37, 3-38, 2-40.

At $20.00, 13 of them, sizes 1-36, 3-38, 3-39, 1-40, 1-41, 2-42, 2-44.

At $25.00, 7 of them, sizes 1-37, 2-38, 2-39, 2-40.

One Brown Imitation "Buffalo Fur" Coat, size 42, regular value $30.00, on sale at $20.00.

STANFIELD'S UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

The regular $2.00 line (Green Label) reduced to $1.40.
The regular $2.75 line (Red Label) reduced to $2.20.
The regular $3.25 line (Blue Label) reduced to $2.60.

"THE DELINEATOR" $1.20 YEAR

Miss I. G. Huddlestone is at our Store in the interest of The Butterick Pattern Publications. We would advise you to renew your subscription to The Delineator for 1926. Regularly this magazine sells at 20 cents per copy, while now by the year the cost is only $1.20.

Old readers acknowledge the value of The Delineator in the home regularly every month. New readers will find it bright and instructive.

SPECIAL AT $2.69 PER YD., BLACK AND COLORED SILK DRESS VELVET, 36 IN. WIDE

A real French Velvet, in a splendid quality, featuring staple color of Black and choice rich colorings. Regular price $4.50 yd.

SILK BROADCLOTH, SALE PRICE 89 CENTS YD.

A very superior quality in this popular line of Wash Silk. Black, White and colors to choose from.

Quality,
Service,
Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.